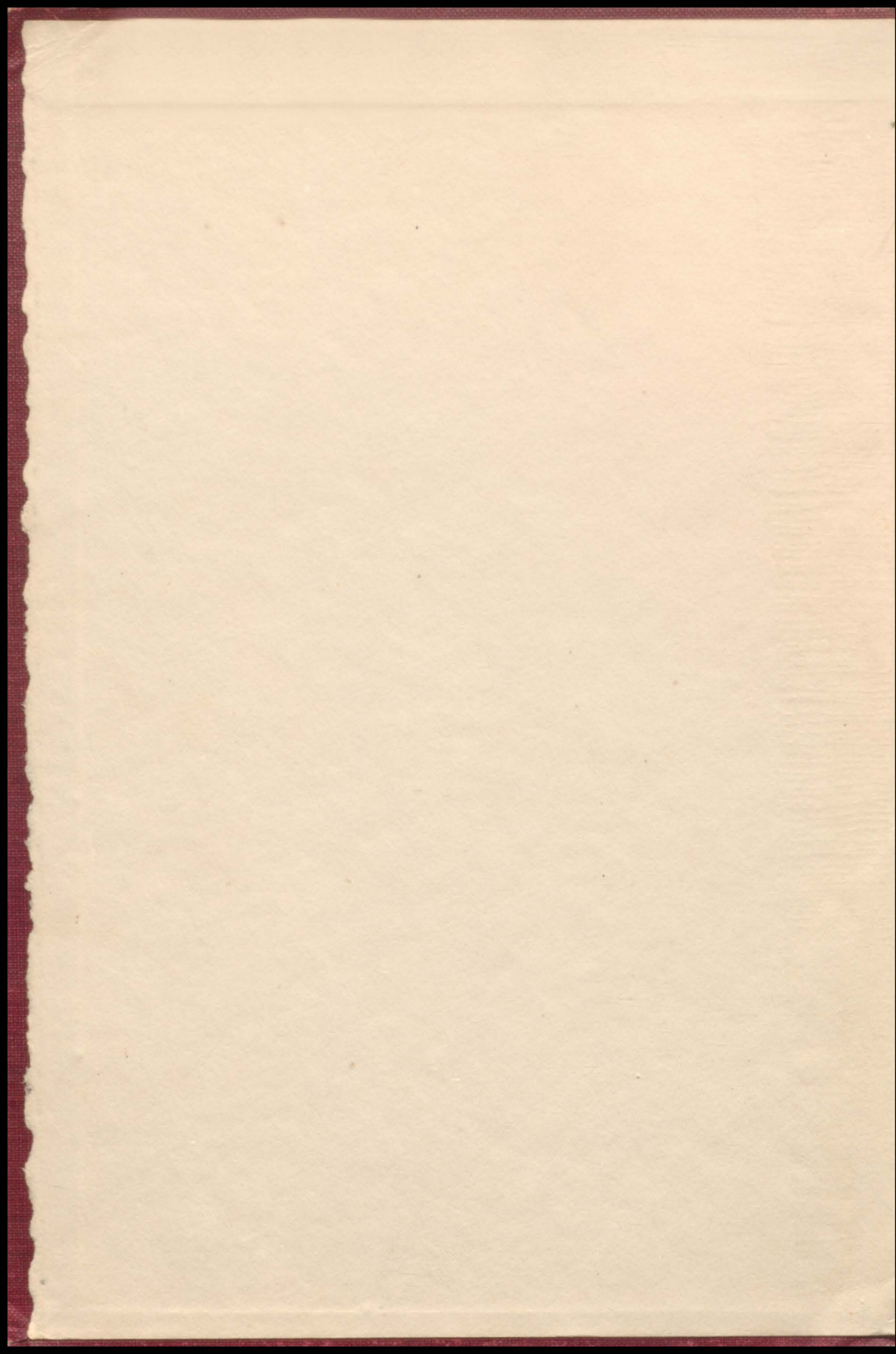
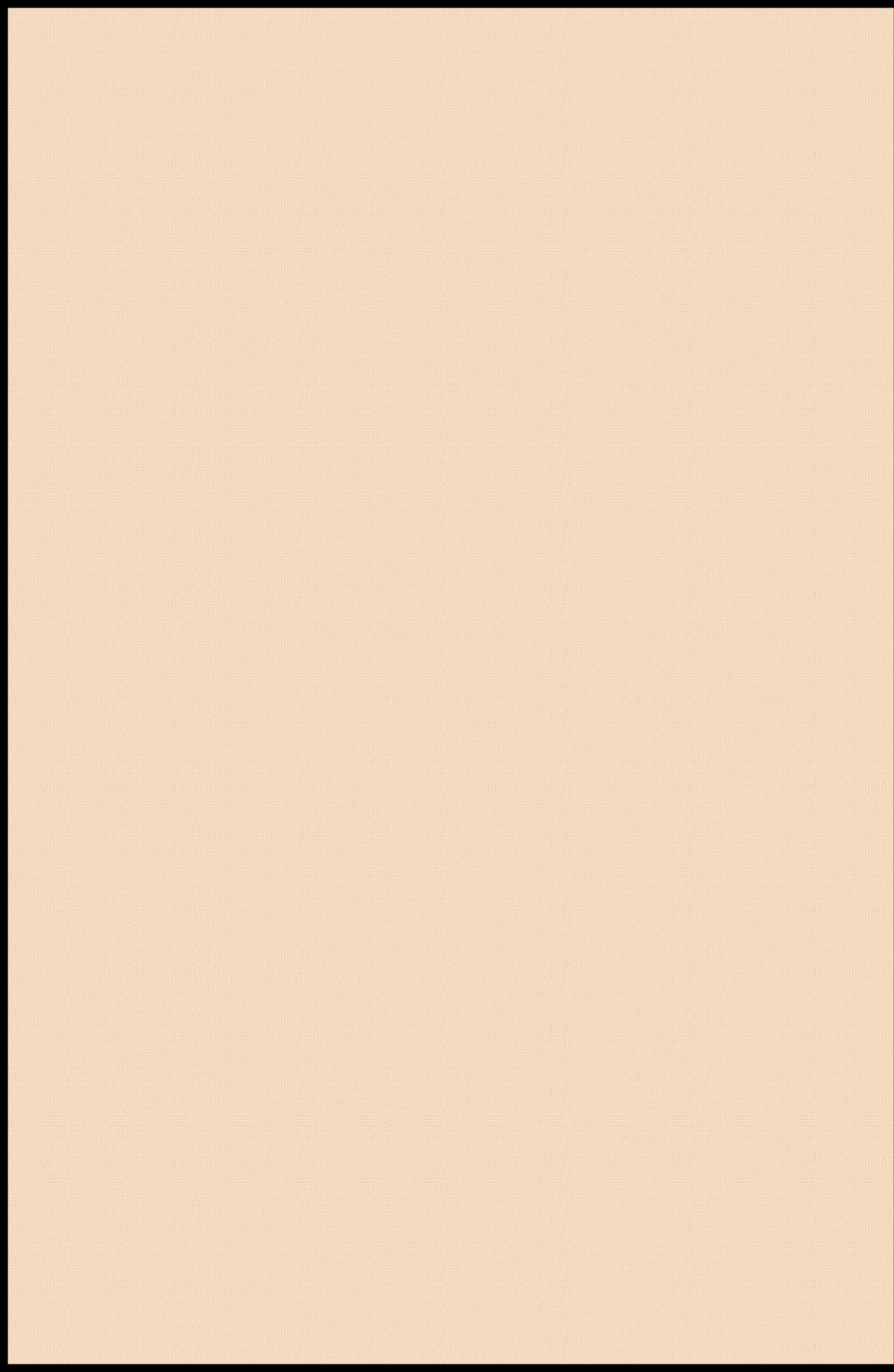


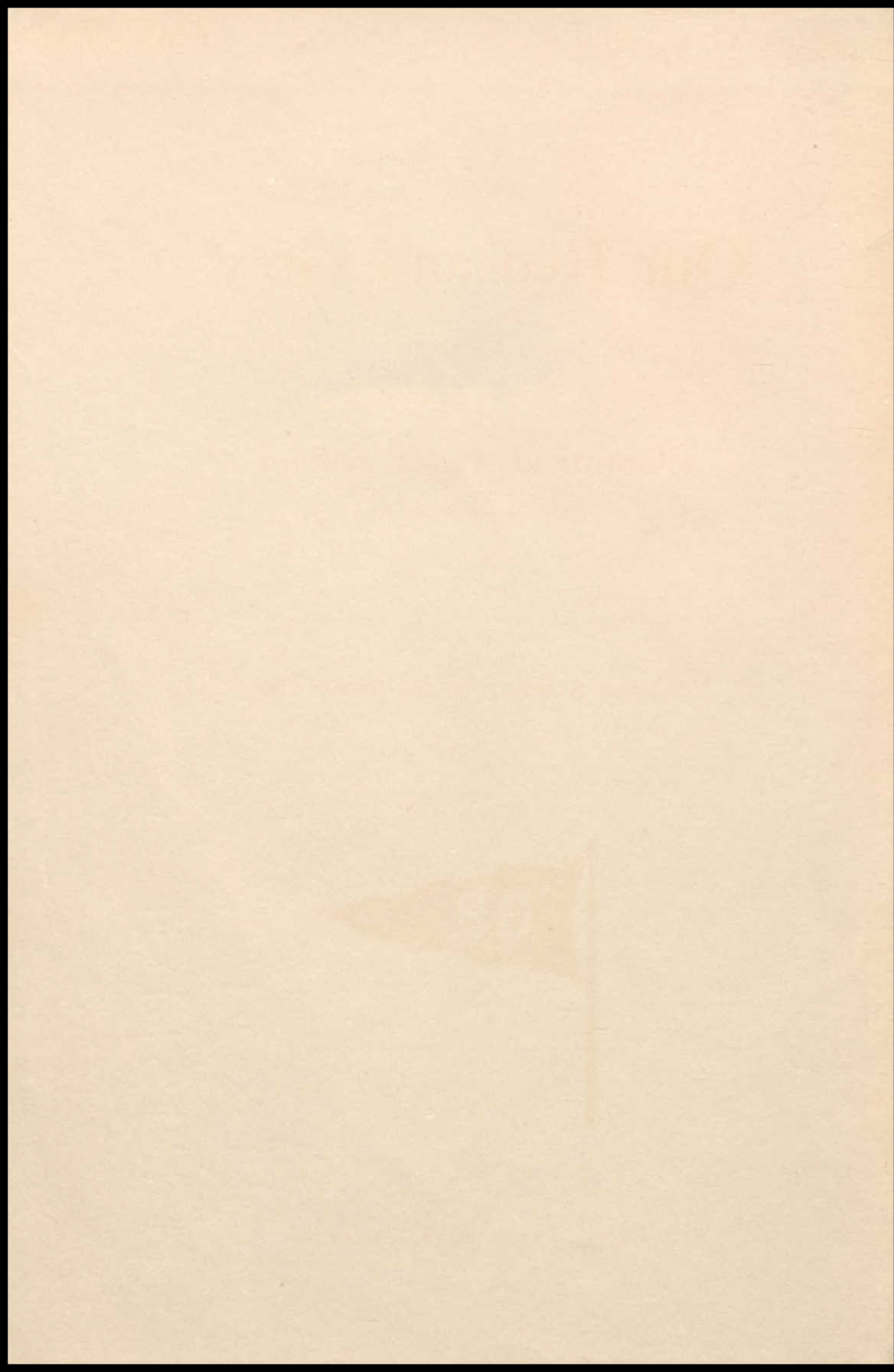
Our Red
and Gray

R. H. S.

1909







Our Red and Grey

Bloomfield High School

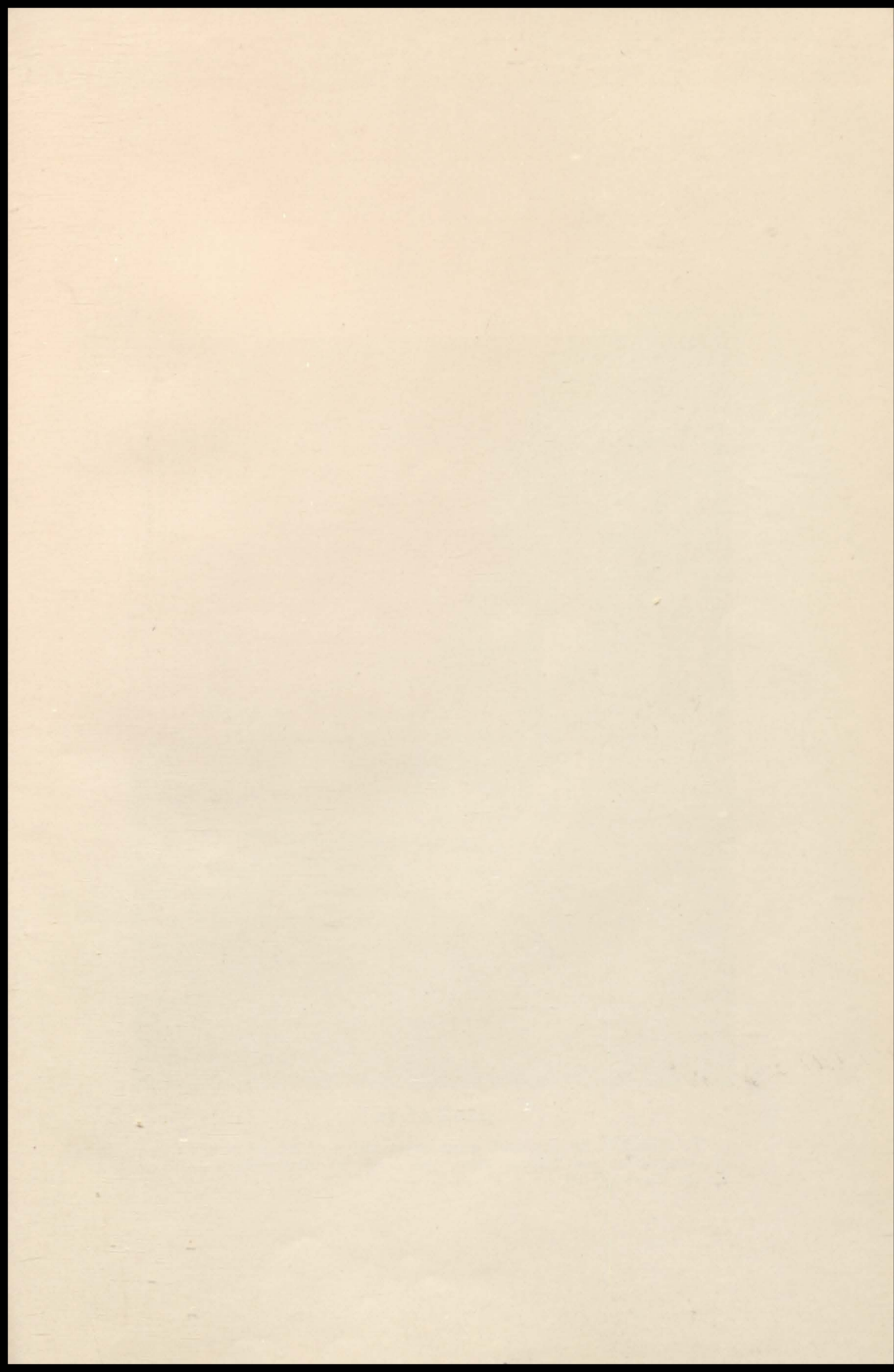
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

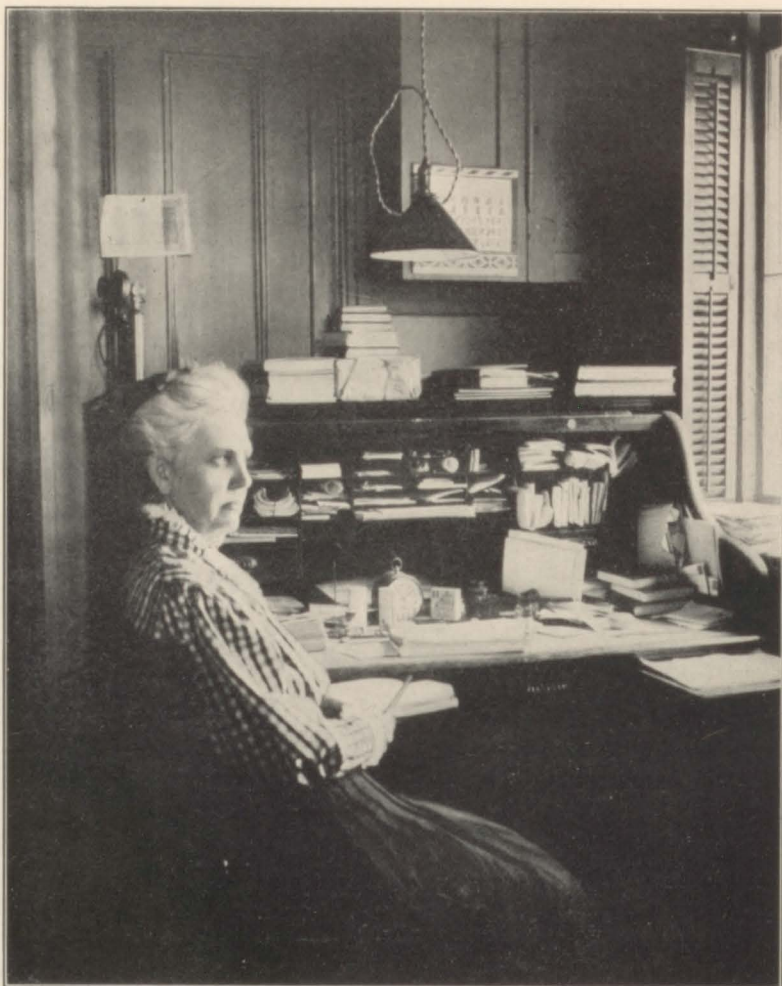
Published Annually by the Senior Class



"Esto quod esse videris"

BERKELEY PRESS
BLOOMFIELD
N. J.





DEDICATION

To Miss Ella Draper, with warm appreciation of her sympathy, timely encouragement and helping hand, this book is affectionately dedicated by the Class of '09.

INTRODUCTION.

THE first number of the year-book of Bloomfield High School was published by the Class of '08, under the name of the "High School Annual."

We, the Class of '09, appreciating its value in promoting school spirit, and its interest to the pupils of the school, have published it again this year; and we hope that succeeding classes will continue its life while the school lasts; that, is, for all time.

A new name more closely related to the school has been chosen: We have named it for the school colors, "Our Red and Gray, B. H. S."

We also decided that it would be more desirable to enlarge the scope of the book to include all classes in the High School, and the 1909 volume includes matter which the three classes below the seniors have prepared as a brief record of their own doings this year. If this custom is continued, every incoming Freshman class hereafter will have in its four years' numbers of his High School annual an account of happenings in his class for every school year.

The Class of 1909 hopes that this book will be issued every year in such a style that the whole school will be proud to be able to show it as a specimen of what B. H. S. can accomplish.

The Board of Editors desires to extend its thanks to our class teacher, Miss Wyman, our vice-principal, Miss Draper, and our superintendent, Mr. Morris, whose interest and good suggestions have helped to make "Our Red and Gray" a success.

CLASS OFFICERS.

President,
NORMA MOORE.

Vice President,
FREDERIC PILCH.

Treasurer,
MAHLON MILLIKEN.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

OLIVE TERHUNE,
ALICE BLEECKER,
EDITH ALBINSON,

JOSEPHINE CARTER,
RUTH TICE,
MAHLON MILLIKEN.

CLASS DAY SPEAKERS.

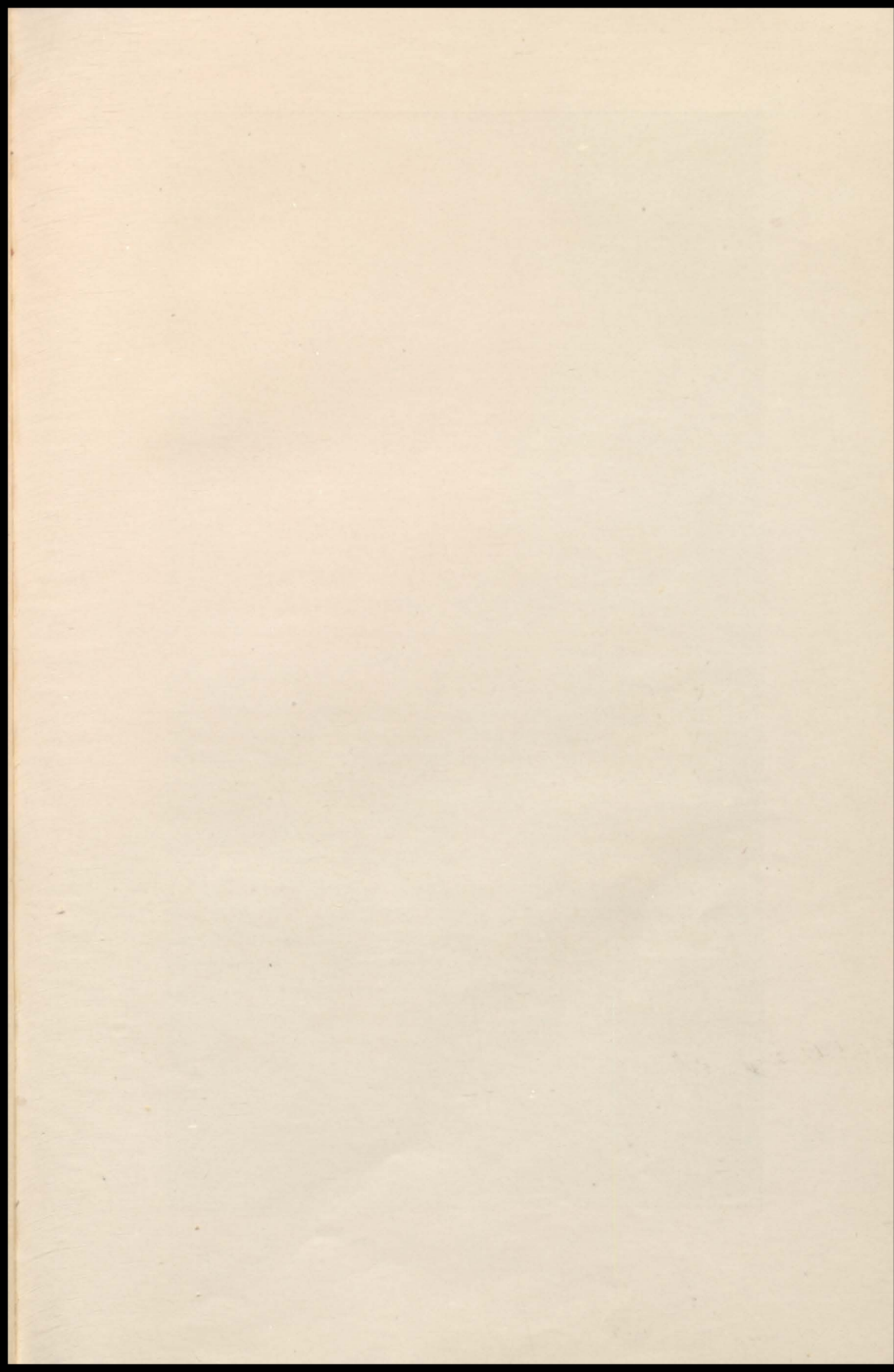
History, FREDERIC PILCH.
Prophecy, CORA F. DAY.

Will, MAHLON MILLIKEN.
Jingles, PAULA CADY.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION FOR CLASS DAY.

CORA DAY,
NORMA MOORE,
ANGIE CROWELL,

RUTH TICE,
ERVING HECKEL,
MAHLON MILLIKEN.





CLASS OF '09

Edith M. Albinson
 M. Beulah Barker
 Alice F. Bleecker
 Emily Benoit
 Paula L. Cady
 Josephine Carter
 Beatrice G. Cooper
 Angie M. Crowell
 Cora F. Day
 Edythe A. Ellor

Gordon S. Grundy
 Stanley Grundy
 Irma Magdalene Harrison
 Wheelock Erving Heckel
 Frances T. Leach
 Mahlon G. Milliken
 Norma A. Moore
 William H. Peters
 Frederic H. Pilch

John Perry Rawson
 E. Ethel Rissler
 Ruth Seymour
 Ruth E. Struble
 Florence C. Svenson
 Florence V. Swainson
 Olive M. Terhune
 Ruth F. Tice
 Bessie A. Vreeland
 A. May Wyker



APRIL 1st, 1909.

The boy stood in the Junior room,
Whence both the girls had fled.
He'd failed to heed their warning
When, "Miss Draper's come!" they said.

So, confident and bold he stood,
Like one who has the right;
With forty Junior pencils, pens
And 'rasers hugged up tight.

A sudden step upon the floor!
That Senior, where was he?
Ask Angeline and Cora,
As they peeped and tried to see.

A pencil shower fell round him thick,
As panic seized him there;
"What have you, Mr. Milliken?"
He only answered, "*Where?*"

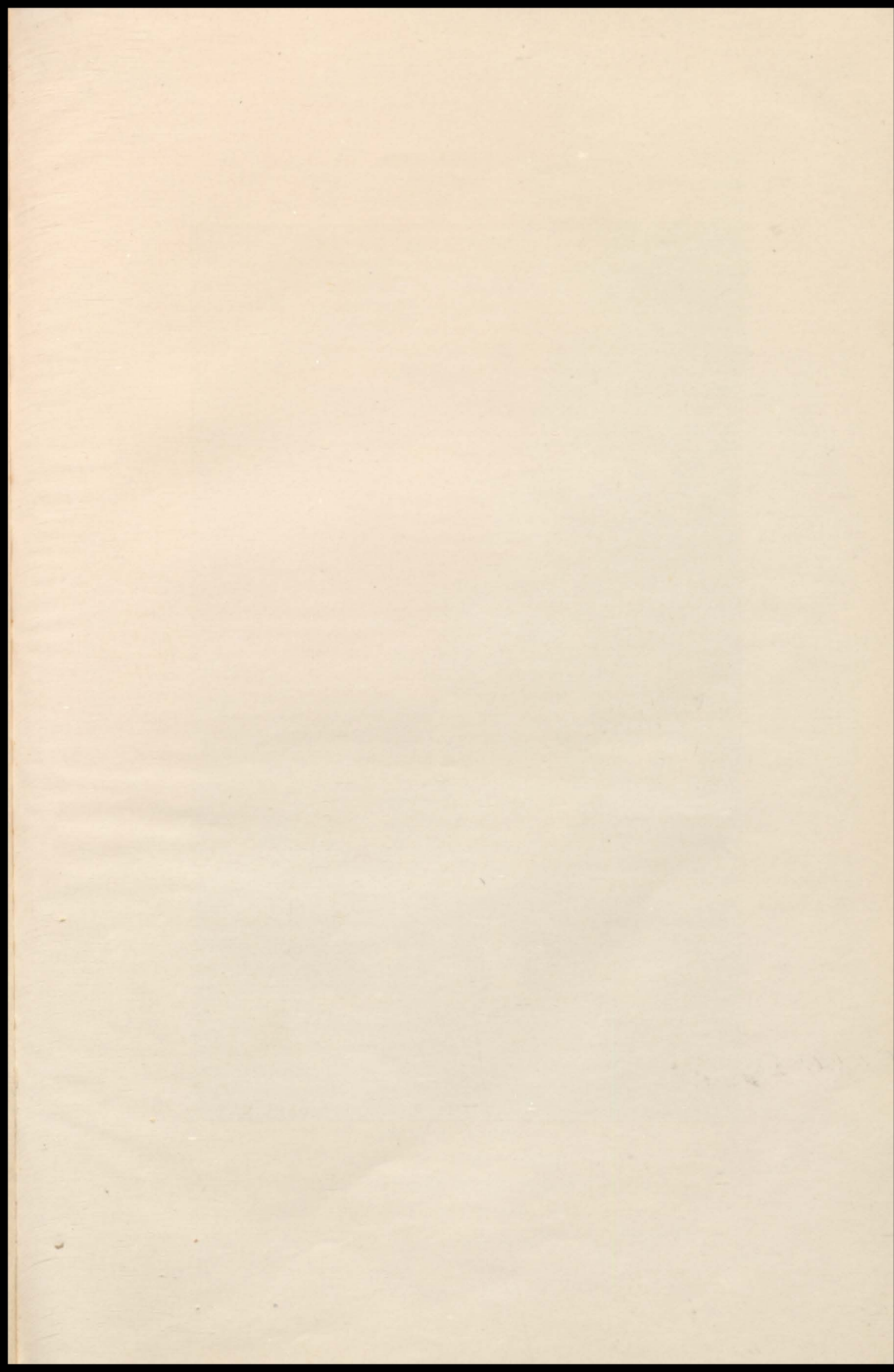
P. L. C

April first passed very quietly and uneventfully in the Bloomfield High School. The Senior class passed most of the day playing tag with Miss Draper; some of the Juniors woke up and became partially alive when they missed their indispensable mirror temporarily; they were still sufficiently awake to recognize their lost treasure when it was returned to them at Miss Draper's direction, and took to themselves quite as much credit as if they had been able to locate it without assistance. They received it back intact, the Seniors not having followed the Juniors' example in destroying or defacing the property of another class. The Juniors were also allowed, on account of the day being (properly) a legal holiday, to spend a little time playing the game of "Pencil, pencil, who's got my pencil," before they were required to begin their school duties in the morning.

After the Latin Club festivities, Erving Heckel arranged to sequester some of the punch for the privileged characters of the club. So he corked up a couple of bottles of said punch and put it away in the kitchen cupboard. Then, after locking up the kitchen, he took home a friend, and Deane Lawrence and I each took home a friend, also.

Deane and I returned before Heckel, and getting the key from the janitor, went into the kitchen and drank one bottle of the punch; but, our capacity, being unfortunately limited, we couldn't finish the second. Deciding that we couldn't leave any for our friend, Heckel, we added to this second bottle the contents of a large, well-filled saltcellar, which we found. We returned the full and empty bottles to the place where we had found them, and then went home to await results.

Next morning Heckel was so anxious about his treat that he came very early to taste the punch. No one was around to see





BOARD OF EDITORS

MAHLON G. MILLIKEN
Associate Editor

PAULA L. CADY
Editor-in-Chief

FREDERIC H. PILCH
Business Manager

CORA F. DAY
Associate Editor

STANLEY GRUNDY
Associate Editor

how many or what expressions chased over his *speaking* countenance, but we can easily imagine them. After *he* had been stung, Heckel went up to Mr. Conley and offered him a drink. Mr. Conley was likewise stung. Then Heckel and Mr. Conley decided to pass on the sting and sent Fred Pilch and me to the kitchen to try some. Fred took the first drink, but looked solemn as an owl. I had expected him to burst out laughing, but since he didn't I had to follow suit and drink of the awful concoction. As soon as I tasted the stuff I did the burst-out-laughing act myself. Heckel thought I was also an innocent victim, and said, triumphantly, "I got the same dose," and we will certainly have to razoo that night school.

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

FUNERAL ORATION.

Assembled Classmates and Friends:

Sad, indeed, is the duty that brings us here to-night. Alas! for human wisdom. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. We are flush to-day and broke to-morrow.

It is neither fitting, nor is it my purpose to speak long concerning the merits of the deceased. It is sufficient to state that mankind and womankind has been faithfully, honestly and truly served by the deceased, in equations, both simple and quadratic, in inequalities and in logarithms, and in ratio variation and proportion. Difficult, indeed, will it be to fill the place left vacant. Ay! it will be almost impossible. The task was difficult, the labors long, hard and unceasing. Never was the duty shirked, never did he flinch from a compound fraction. I might speak still further concerning the bereaved family to which he was a daily example of true, unselfish labors for the good of others. I might speak also of the wide circle of friends which the deceased, alas, cannot take with him to the lower world. But, why do I speak thus? Repressing deep down in my heart the theory of permutations and combinations, which I feel surging within me, I will relate to you the last message which the deceased left:

"Tell them not to mourn my untimely demise. My unfinished work will be taken up with renewed zeal by the chosen few. My friends, do not despair. Better things are in store for you. Only be strong in the theory of limits, and you will overcome all obstacles." With these words he yielded up the binomial theorem.

The laborer's task, alas, is o'er,
He sleeps upon the farther shore.
No troubles reach him in that peaceful land;
He rests from duty's stern command.

PHYLLIS.

RECEPTION GIVEN TO MISS ELLA DRAPER IN HONOR OF HER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN B. H. S.

While two Senior girls were eating their luncheon one noon in February, one asked: "Did you know that Miss Ella Draper has been connected with the Bloomfield High School twenty-five years?" "No," replied the other, and with one voice they exclaimed, "*Let's celebrate!*" They did not intend to celebrate in just the way that only a week previous they had celebrated the close of examinations. When the class president returned at noon the proposition was quietly laid before her, and at three o'clock a class meeting was held at which the celebration was decided upon. At this meeting the Seniors, for the first time, had the inestimable privilege of sending Miss Wyman, their class teacher, from the room to the office. Later two of a committee of six visited Mr. Morris's office to submit their plan, and were assured of his hearty co-operation. Just as they were leaving the office door opened and Miss Draper appeared. The two Seniors were filled with consternation, but Mr. Morris tactfully excused their presence. Then they left in a state of uncertainty as to whether he had succeeded in telling a *sufficiently big one*. The next important step was to secure a place in which to hold the reception. Mr. Morris had obtained the consent of the Board of Education to use Center School Auditorium, but Mr. Theodore Ward, hearing of our plan, generously offered us his home for the occasion. Next letters were written to the alumni of the last twenty-five years, requesting them to write letters of congratulation to Miss Draper. Unfortunately, as the class did not have Miss Draper to assist them by furnishing addresses, they omitted several of the alumni who should have been notified of the event. Invitations were extended to all the teachers of the High School, the Board of Education and a committee of the alumni. The reception was held March 18th, which proved a beautiful day. The class of '09 was fortunate in having the assistance of Miss Harriet Jones and of Mrs. Carson, who aided the class in appropriate decorations and in necessary arrangements at Mrs. Ward's home; also of Miss Mary Draper, who successfully contrived to keep her sister in ignorance of all the class plans for six weeks preceding the occasion and to have her present at the scene of festivities at the desired time without arousing her suspicions. The members of the Board of Education, the teachers, a committee of five of the alumni and the graduating class were all present when Miss Draper arrived. The surprise was complete and she found that for once plans had been made and carried out by the Senior class to a grand culmination without her knowledge. An explanatory speech was made by the class President, Miss Norma Moore, who handed to Miss Draper a bunch of narcissus, her favorite flowers, the twenty-five sprays representing twenty-five years. Addresses of congratulation were given by Mr. Thomas Oakes and Mr. W. A. Baldwin. Dr. Broughton represented the Board in presenting to Miss Ella Draper and to Miss Mary Draper immense bouquets of pink roses. Miss Harriet Jones for the alumni presented Miss Draper

with a purse containing over one hundred dollars in gold, and with over one hundred and twenty letters from alumni. Mr. Losee, in behalf of the faculty, presented a carbon copy of Troyons' "Oxen Going to Work." Miss N. Moore presented for the class a pair of solid silver colonial candlesticks with red shades (representing the school colors), to which was added the following misquotation, with apologies to Shakespeare: "*How far this little candle throws its beams, so shine your good deeds in a naughty school.*" After refreshments were served, Mr. Frederic Pilch, toastmaster, called upon each member of the faculty, and as each one rose to respond, the Senior class kindly smoothed the way for him or her, by a short, finely rendered vocal personal sentiment. All responses by the teachers were feelingly addressed to Miss Draper and were filled with hearty congratulations. After the class had given Mr. and Mrs. Ward a sincere vote of thanks for their cordial hospitality, they escorted Miss Draper to her home, all feeling that the event had been one never to be forgotten in the history of the class of nineteen hundred and nine.

CORA F. DAY.

TOASTS

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The lengthy list of speakers this evening compels brevity in the remarks of the toastmaster. I will simply say that the Senior Class of Bloomfield High School is very glad to meet you this evening and extends to all present a most cordial welcome.

Before introducing the first speaker, I beg to state that I am instructed to limit each speaker's time to two minutes—"Let not your hearts be troubled." I will be blind in the eye that watches the clock, but not too blind.

I am very glad to be able to say that the next speaker has decided to abide with us in Bloomfield. He looms gigantic in the under graduate's mind. Especially when that under graduate has been derelict in his studies. Who can measure the terrors of a poor report and a visit to the Office? But, when we get there we find:

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."

MR. MORRIS.

We owe the attendance of the guest of this evening to a gentleman present, because he induced Miss Ella Draper to come to Bloomfield to teach. Prof. Dunbar, the Senior Class thanks you for your efforts, which have been so successful, and beg of you to speak to them this evening.

PROF. DUNBAR.

There is a lady present to whom the class of naughty nine owe much, and for whose kindly patience it returns its warmest affections.

"It warms me, it charms me, to mention but her name,
It heats me, it beats me, and sets me all on flame."

MISS WYMAN.

Among the faculty at least one man cordially agrees with Bobby Burns' statement, that:—

"Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her prentice hand, she tried on man
And then, she made the Lasses, O!"

MR. LOSEE.

'09 extends its deepest sympathy to that member of the faculty who has the care of the verdant, green, elusive freshman—Of her it can be truly said that her

"Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each her own deliverer
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

MISS MARY DRAPER.

Apollo has his votary in the faculty, which includes a man who feels that

"Music, O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should Feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!"

But when he takes charge of the first rehearsal of the Glee Club he may be pardoned if he says,

"This must be the music of the spears
For I'm cursed if each note of it doesn't run through one."

MR. SMITH.

One of our teachers with Pope believes
That *Order* is heaven's first law" and with Shakespeare says
"The heavens themselves, the planets and this center.
Observe degree, priority and place
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order."

MISS GAY.

After listening to the next orator, we will have no respect for the Junior who said

"Throw Physics to the dogs, I'll none of it."

MR. SMILEY.

Cowper was a prophet when he sang:

"The spleen is seldom felt where Martha reigns,
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Martha banishes and gives the fair,
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own."

MISS HASBROUCK.

We will next be addressed by one

"Whose lines and dots are locks and keys
On narrow space to treasure thought,
Whose precious hoards when e'er you please
Are thus to light from darkness brought."

MR. MAGEE.

We have a quiet teacher who, with Ben Jonson, feels that
"Silence in woman is like speech in man," but to-night she must,
for once, forego her opinion and content us with her speech.

MISS CONANT.

A vigorous mind in a healthy body is one of the slogans of
present day education. We boast an athlete of renown at Bloom-
field High. He supervises our sports and expects us to reach his
high degree of ability.

After our experiences at foot ball and a perusal of the base ball
schedule, we commend to his attention the following:

"Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care, beyond to-day."

MR. CONLY.

"Her pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
Her manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part.
Her pencil our faces—her manners our heart."

MRS. CARSON.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world 'This is a Man.'"

MR. LA QUAY.

The road to man's affections and to woman's, too, oft lies
through the satisfaction of their respective appetites for the good
things prepared for them by "ye gentle cook."

The present feast is largely the result of Miss Jones' skillful
teaching. She holds the affections of our class, and we now ask her
to add to our pleasure by addressing us.

MISS JONES.

Some cynics say that woman cannot keep a secret. We know one who *can*, and deserves her title of Secretary.

MISS WELLER.

Our list of speakers is drawing to its close, and what more fitting than that we should now call upon the one who teaches drawing.

MISS DAGGETT.

For many years a gentle lady has, with quiet dignity exercised a large measure of control over the affairs of Bloomfield High School.

That authority has always been exerted for the best interest of the school and of its scholars. The Class of '09 respect, admire and esteem her greatly. She has won, and holds, our affections. We will leave this school better men and women because of the many hours we have spent with her and because of the care she has expended upon us. Tonight she is our guest. A guest whom we delight to honor. On behalf of the Class of '09 I now ask Miss Ella Draper to accept this slight token of our esteem and regard for her. Miss Draper, we can never forget your efforts in our behalf.

SONGS.

Miss Draper's Reception.

MR. MORRIS.

("Harrigan.")

Who is the man who stands at head of us?

Morris, that's he.

Who is the man who in June will be rid of us?

Morris, that's he.

M—o—double—r—i—s,

That's how we spell *Morris*.

"Super" of the Bloomfield schools is he;

Always pleasant and polite to me.

M—o—double—r—i—s,

That's his name, you see;

He's a jolly fine man, and

You may beat him if you can;

Morris, that's *he!*

MISS ELLA DRAPER.

("Old Zip Coon.")

Here's to our lady, our leader tried and true;

Firm friend and faithful,

Miss Draper, here's to you!

We'll illuminate your pathway with our colors, red and gray,

To help you to remember us

When we are gone away.

MISS WYMAN.
("Yankee Doodle.")

Miss Wyman's laurels round her cluster,
Watch her sparkle, see her shine!
She receives reflected luster
From the *Class of naughty-nine!*

(Spoken—"Ye—es, or,"—)
(Sing—"So Say We All of Us.")

MRS. CARSON.
("Auld Lang Syne.")

She may some day be President,
Oh, you can never tell;
On campaign stumping she'd be sent,
For she can *draw* so well.

MR. SMILEY.
("Where, Oh, Where Is My Little Doggone?")

Oh, where, oh, where's my experiment gone ?
Oh, where, oh, where can it be?
With its front page stamped and its back page wrong;
Mr. Smiley, *where* can it be?

(Spoken—"I don't know,—you'll have to do it over.")
(So Say We All of Us.)

MISS HASBROUCK.
("Afraid to Go Home in the Dark.")

Martha, dear, listen here! I *can't* widen my mouth any more.
Every day up high school way there's an orator on the floor.
Oh, I stand up here on this platform so drear,
Care makes my brow so dark.
Oh, there's no frost like this, and
Oh, *what* will she give for my mark?

(Spoken—"Louder!" "Very interesting!")
(So Say We All of Us.)

MR. MAGEE.
("Quaker Courtship.")

Frequently we sit before him,
Study periods to fill.
We admire him most immensely,
And we know he likes us, *still*.

(Spoken—"Only two at a table in study periods, please.")
(So Say We All of Us.)

MISS CONANT.
("A Hot Time in the Old Town.")

When you hear Miss Conant's foot come down,
All sit straight, you'd better turn around.
If upon your conduct she has frowned,
There'll be a warm time in Room 5.

(Spoken warningly—"At 3 P. M., poor Freshman!")

MR LOSEE.

("Harrigan and 49 Bottles.")

L—o—s—double—ee,
That to me spells *history*!

Fifteen little seniors sittin' in a class,
Fifteen little seniors hopin' they will pass;
Take one little senior sittin' in a class,
Leaves fourteen little seniors hopin' they will pass.
Fourteen little seniors sittin' in a class,
Fourteen little seniors hopin' they will pass;
Take one little senior sittin' in a class,
Leaves thirteen little seniors hopin' they will pass.

Thirteen little seniors sittin' in a class,
Thirteen little seniors hopin' they will pass;

' But they didn't! Did *so*!
(So Say We All of Us.)

MISS MARY DRAPER.

("Auld Lang Syne.")

Mistress Mary, bright and cheery,
How does *your* garden grow?
With kindly aid for freshmen;
We've been there, and we know.

MR. CONLEY.

("Tammany.")

Conolee, Conolee,
Big chief stands up in the hall,
Coaching boys in basketball;
Conolee, Conolee,
Beat 'em, beat 'em,
Go and eat 'em,
Conolee!

Conolee, Conolee,
Chief *won't* stand up in the hall,
Coaching *girls* in basketball.
Conolee, oh, dear me!
Never mind 'em,
We will grind 'em
Just the same.

(Spoken—"Get busy.")
(So Say We All of Us.)

MR. LA QUAY.

("John Brown Had a Little Indian.")

High School has a little workshop,
High School has a little workshop,
High School has a little workshop,
Neat as neat can be.
One little, two little, three little benches,
Four little, five little, six little benches,
Seven little, eight little, nine little benches,
Fitted up for me.

Manual Training has a teacher,
Manual Training has a *good* teacher,
Manual Training has a *fine* teacher,
He's that man you see.
One little, two little, three little errors,
Four little, five little, six little errors,
Seven little, eight little, nine little errors
Counted up to me.

MISS JONES.

(Spoken.)

J—o—n—e—s!
Can she cook?
Well, I guess!
Can she teach *us*?
Yes, she *can*.

Um—m—m, you'd love to lick the pan.

(Spoken—"Oh, say! What'd you make in manual
training today? Gimme a bite?"

(So Say We All of Us.)

MISS WELLER.

("Yankee Doodle.")

She has a very healthy name,
You'll see it if you spell her;
No matter how you're feeling well,
You'll always find her *Weller*.

(Spoken—And she's all right, too.)

(So Say We All of Us.)

MR. SMITH.

("Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.")

The conductor stands before us with an independent air;
You hear him oft declare—

"Take care of what you're doing there!"

And we often heave a sigh

As he tells us, very dry,—

"Oh, *my*! that is the tune the old cow *died* on."

(Spoken—"Bad, very bad.")

(So Say We All of Us.)

MISS GAY.

("Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.")

(With apologies to "The Little Busy Bee.")

See the Latin teacher stand
With her textbook in her hand,
Watching out for errors, ponies, trots and such.
She is cheerful, she is *Gay*!
Makes us hustle every day;
And her German, it does surely beat the Dutch.

(Spoken—"Look in the Grammar.")

(So Say We All of Us.)

MISS DAGGETT.

("Wait for the Wagon.")

Songs in their seasons,
Drawing lines in books.
We'd like to know you better, for
We greatly like your looks.

Rah! for the Faculty!
Rah! for the Class!
We're the naughty-nine seniors,
And you bet we're going to pass.

PAULA L. CADY.

SENIOR SCINTILLATIONS

Miss—"Here's a new joke for the Year Book."

First Editor—"Aah! Noah had that joke pinned up over the mantelpiece in the Ark."

Second Ed.—"Naw, he didn't. He threw it out of the window and said it was a chestnut and a bad one at that."

(Miss W. bumps her funnybone.)

Miss C. (tauntingly)—"There is no such thing as pain."

Miss W. (viciously)—"You're another."

IN CHEMISTRY

Teacher—"Mr. G——, what is necessary to make a match?"
(Giggles.)

JUNIOR JOKES

(Overheard by a Junior in a bird store.)

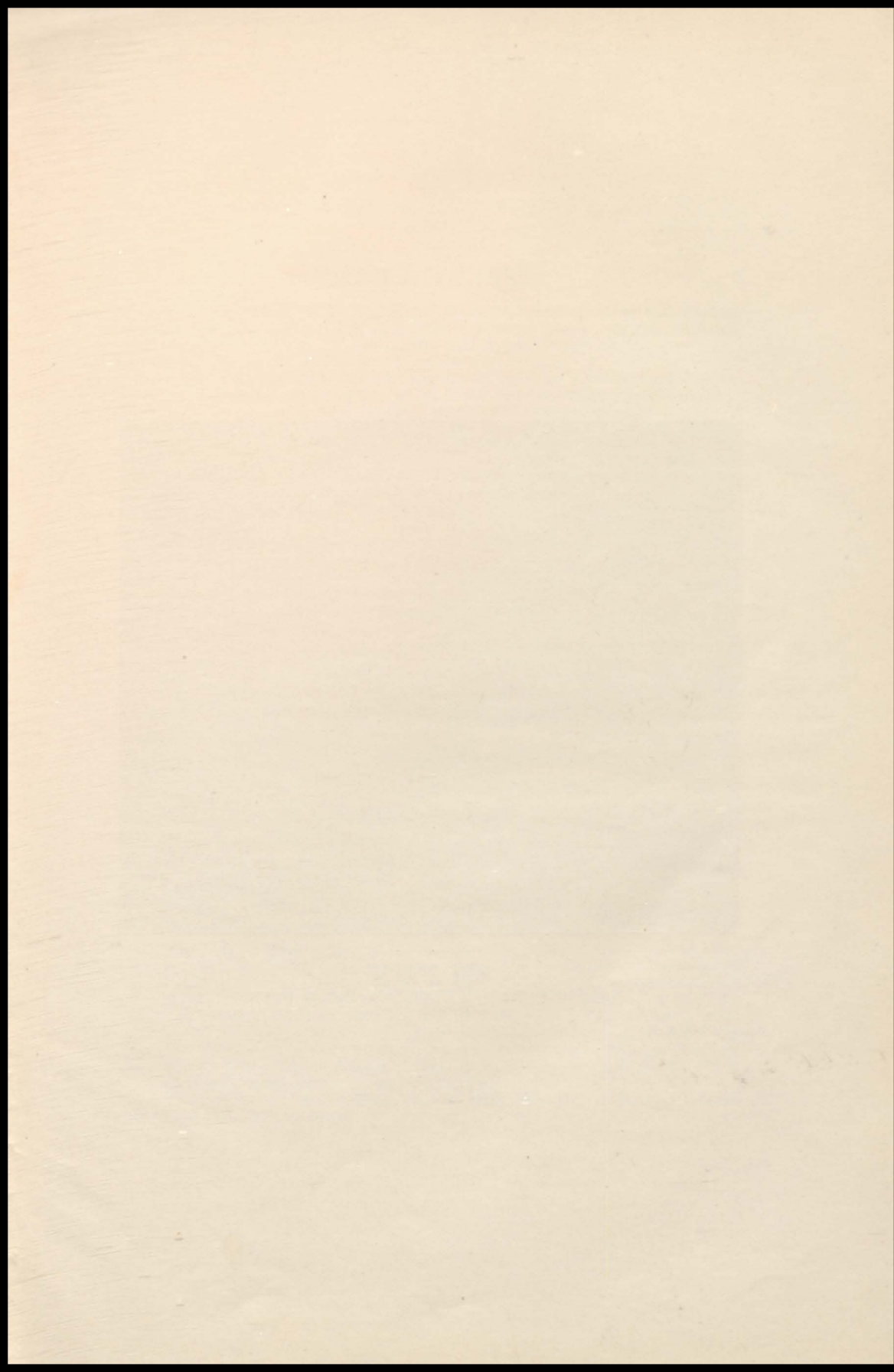
Stuttering young man enters—"D-d-d-do you k-k-k-keep p-p-p-parrots?"

Proprietor (curtly)—"Yes."

S. Y. M.—"C-c-can t-they t-t-t-talk?"

Proprietor (indignantly)—"Well, if they couldn't talk better than you do I'd cut their heads off!"

(Exit S. Y. M.)





GEO. MORRIS
Superintendent of Bloomfield Public Schools

THE LATIN CLUB.

If you should go to B. H. S. and there inquire concerning that famous organization, the Latin Club, you would receive widely varying answers, according to the views of the person whom you happened to ask.

Miss Gay would tell you, "It is an organization of members of the Cicero and Virgil classes, for the purpose of learning a little about Roman customs, literature and religion; at its bi-monthly meetings papers are read upon subjects assigned by a literary committee, and occasionally a lecturer upon Latin topics speaks for us; and wouldn't you like to attend a meeting?"

Mr. Morris would probably call it a grand instructive educational medium for instilling into the mentality of the advanced student in Latin, a certain modicum of profitable and pleasurable appreciation of the excellent and praiseworthy institutions and customs of the ancient Romans * * etc."

The treasurer is firmly convinced that, whatever reason impels people to join the club, they receive great benefit from it in that quickness of eye which they develop as they learn to see the collector of the monthly dues before he sees them, and in the agility which they acquire in dodging that importunate person.

You would obtain an entirely new aspect of the club if you should remark casually to one of its members, "I'm going to visit your Latin Club next Thursday." Said member would probably stiffen in dismay, remark, "Goodness, I wonder if that is when *I* have to speak!" and disappear in the direction of Room 4.

Other sources, as Freshmen or the janitor, would produce still other definitions, and the further you pursue your inquiry, the less you would be able to see the club in its entire significance as its members see it. It's just an organization where you have a lot of fun and incidentally learn a bit concerning the old Latin folks, and to pity them that they never had an opportunity for knowing us.

In June, on the morning before Commencement, a special meeting is held with the whole school attending, to let them know a little of what we are doing through the year, and to encourage the Latin students to keep on with the subject.

The program for this June is given below:

P. L. CADY.

1. Address of Welcome.....EDITH ALBINSON, *President.*
2. Roman Festivals.....*Helene Nicholson.*
3. Selection from Virgil.....*Erving Heckel.*
4. Violin Solo—"Peter Aeneas".....*Minnie Aue.*
5. A Visit to Rome.....*Dorothy Starkweather.*
6. Reading—"Why Dulcius Dined at Home".....*Frederic Pilch.*
7. Viola Solo—"Vectigalibus Solutis".....*Paula Cady.*
8. The Religion of Rome and Its Influence on the People....*Ruth Strubel.*
9. Club Life During Winter of '08-'09.....*Paula Cady.*
10. The Aeneid in Connection with the Augustinian Age...*Mahlon Milliken.*
11. Piano Solo—"Mors Populi".....*Frederic Pilch.*
12. Greetings from Former Members of Club.
13. Presentation of Statue from Club to High School.....*Edith Albinson.*
14. Selection by Orchestra.

THE ALUMNI.

The Class of '09 wish to express their thanks for the hearty co-operation which they have received from the alumni, both in subscriptions and encouragement. The following are those who have subscribed up to the date of going to press:

Miss Elizabeth Wyman
Miss Jennie Weller
Miss Harriet Jones
Miss Susie McCroddan
Miss Margaret Torbenson
Miss Jennie Harris
Miss Adele Drew
Miss Helen Tice
Miss Mabel Potter
Miss Ida Robinson
Miss Mattie Parkhill
Miss Edna Parkhill
Miss Gladys Smith
Miss Mary Crawford
Miss Irene Starr
Miss Amy Wood
Miss Mabel Pilch

Miss Mattie Wilks
Miss Marion Lambert
Miss Frances Morris
Mrs. Ernest Law
Mrs. Arthur Robertson
Dr. Gertrude Ward
Mr. Paul Dunbar
Mr. Herbert Stone
Mr. Spencer Phraner
Mr. Edwin Healy
Mr. Arthur Sanville
Mr. Joseph Durna
Mr. Mhyrwyn Edwards
Mr. Robert Betts
Mr. Fred Kern
Mr. Warren Woodward
Mr. Herbert Stone

Bloomfield graduates *do* things. Here are some of the things that our people have been doing this last year in the colleges:

At Cornell there are six Bloomfield graduates. Mr. Fred Tydeman, '10 was elected captain of this year's football team.

The winner of the Tunis Quick Prize in English grammar and spelling at Rutgers, was Mr. Parker Gilbert, '12.

In Princeton, we have Mr. Rolland King, '09, captain of the wrestling team and commodore of the canoe club. He won the Intercollegiate light-heavyweight championship. He also won his numerals by playing on the "scrub" football team and won his 'varsity stripe. Mr. Franklin Wells, '11, won second place in the Intercollegiate wrestling match. He was also one of the three class "cane spree-ers," and class wrestlers. Mr. Joseph Mann, '11, a second-group honor man, was on both the class and varsity crews. Mr. Spencer Phraner is a second-group Honorman and editor of the Nassau "Lit." He has also written the words to a song that is being much sung at Princeton, the "Campus Song." We have obtained permission to reproduce it here.

The year has been saddened by the deaths of two of our alumnae, Miss Grace Tice and Miss Carrie Underwood.

PAULA CADY.

CAMPUS SONG.

(By SPENCER W. PHRANER.)

When the night steals gently o'er us,
With its shadows dark and long,
Swaying in the silver moonlight,
'Tis the hour of ev'ning song,
When the Elms are gently bending,
As they whisper with the breeze,
Then we hear the Campus echo,
With the music of our glees.

CHORUS.

When the night steals gently o'er us,
With its shadows dark and long,
And the Elms are softly whisp'ring,
'Tis the hour of ev'ning song;
We will sing of dear old Princeton,
And loud the chorus raise;
Then we'll cheer once more for Old Nassau.
And the happy college days.

O'er the Campus hush'd and silent,
Steals a sweet and mystic spell,
And upon the air come pealing
The tones of Old North bell;
When the lights are brightly shining
Thro' the blackness of the trees,
Then we hear the Campus echo
With the music of our glees.

THE PLAY.

Behind the Scenes

Bloomfield Centre is ablaze with light. From the windows of Central Hall the garish electric lights throw their brilliant rays upon the thronging crowds.

It is unnecessary for me to tell you what is happening, for you are probably aware that the High School Glee Club is presenting its initial performance of the "Girl from Girton's" this evening.

Come with me and I will show you the performance as it appears behind the scenes. Here we are at the dressing rooms. Enter a group of girls, all talking at once.

"Look at 'Bob,' doesn't he look just fine in that golf suit?"

"And 'Dorothy March!' Isn't she a stunner?"

"Why, 'June Haverhill,' are those real American beauties?"

"And just look at 'Max Ten Eyck' in those swell flannels."

"And there's 'Molly Ford.' Isn't she a dear?"

"There's 'Rich'; doesn't he make a dandy husband?"

"What? Oh, I'm next—Oh, yes; I forgot."

"Don't put the rouge on too *lightly*, Mr. Travers, and please don't make my eyelids so black."

"Ugh! you stuck the pencil in my eye."

"There! I'm through. You're next, Gladys."

"Come on upstairs to the wings. Why, it's two minutes to eight."

"There's Mr. Smith; what's he saying? Oh, yes. 'Call the Prologue'; 'clear the stage.' 'Here comes "Madge."'"

"Oh! There goes the orchestra and there goes the curtain. We're off! Hurrah!"

"Hark! there's the cue for our song. Hurry!"

"What's that noise we hear? Why, it must be applause."

"There's the boys' cue. Here they come. Don't they look funny blowing those trumpets. Now comes the song 'I've Taken Quite a Fancy to You, Dear,' and the dance. They're a little bit off the pitch, aren't they? Oh, well, never mind, the audience won't notice. It's almost time for our chant."

"Isn't the minister funny—and the new maid Ellen? And say, 'Bob' and 'Max' do look like real college chaps. Isn't Dorothy March' dandy? But 'Mollie' and 'Rich' are the limit—staid married people—well, I never!"

"Ha! Here's the clown dance. Just look at those girls go around."

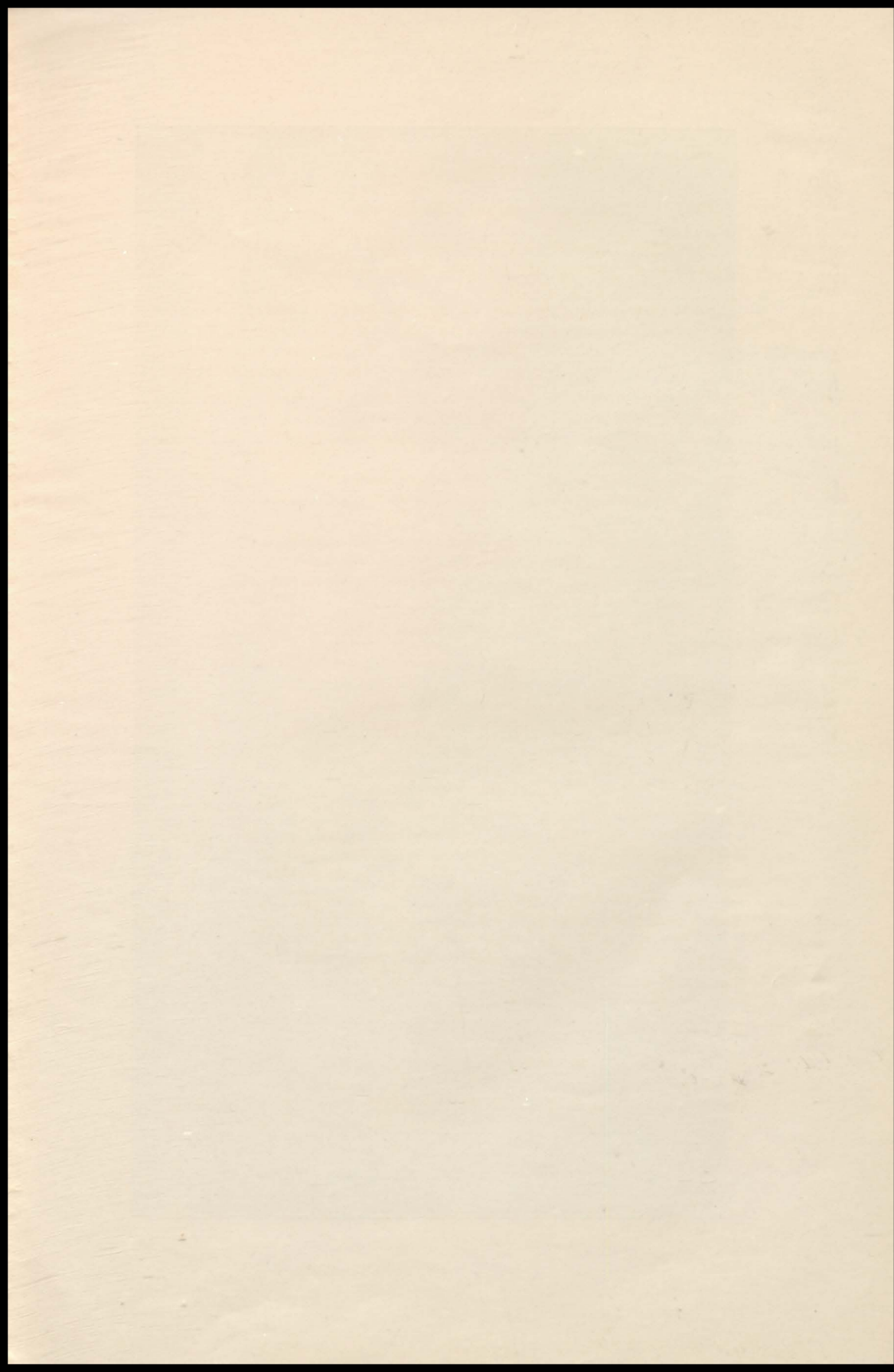
"And now the Dutch dance has started. Don't 'Hans' and 'Katrina' look comical in their Dutch costumes?"

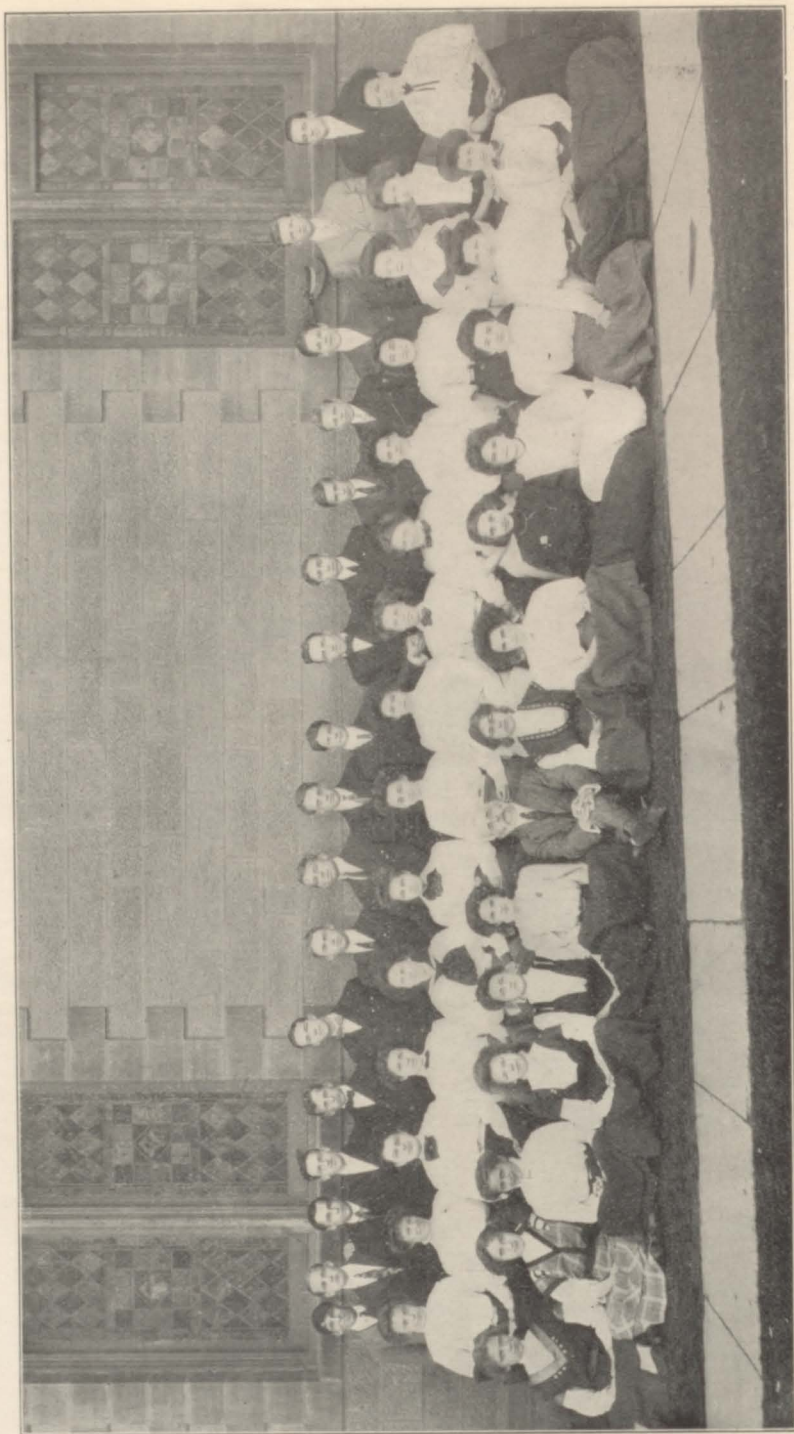
"And now—Oh, yes, here's the finale. Do you really think the minister can make that lightning change? Yes, here he is. Doesn't he sound funny singing in that falsetto?"

"The curtain is falling. No, we got an encore. At last it's over."

"My, it's such fun! I wish I could be in a play every night in the week."

PHYLLIS.





HISTORY OF ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra of the Bloomfield High School was organized in the autumn of 1906 under the name of the "Étude Club." It consisted at that time of two violins, viola, cello and piano. A little later other violins and a clarinet were added, and progress was so rapid as to admit of the orchestra furnishing the music for the High School play the following February, including an overture.

The name was changed later to "High School Orchestra," and, besides the conductor, the orchestra now numbers thirteen members—nine violins, first and second; viola, cello, clarinet and piano. We hope to see the addition of a flute and some brass by next year.

When the Etude Club was first launched upon the "Sea of Squalls," it contented itself and the conductor by rendering such music as the popular airs "Moon Dear" and "Pipe Dreams." It soon advanced to Raff's "Leonore March" and music of a like grade. At the 1909 Commencement it will play Schubert's "March Militaire," Gounod's "Sanctus" and other selections of the same kind.

The orchestra had a large number of engagements during the past year, and indications are that its popularity will continue.

PAULA L. CADY.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The year 1908-1909 has been the banner year for the Glee Club. On the 12th of February the Glee Club was invited to attend the memorial services of Lincoln's birthday at the Jarvie Memorial Hall and the music rendered by the Glee Club was very much appreciated. The most important event of the season was the play. When the tickets were issued for sale, it was a very short time before they were all disposed of. The title of the play was "The Girl From Girton's." It ran for three nights—Feb. 18, 19 and 20. The hall was full each night with an enthusiastic audience, showing how popular the play was. On Saturday, March 6th, the Glee Club had lunch at the Hotel Albany in New York and attended the Hippodrome in the afternoon. The outing was very much enjoyed by the members. The Glee Club was asked to attend a concert given by fifty boys from the Brooklyn Boy's High School on March 12th and to give a reception after the concert. The girls readily consented and the boys soon agreed to go. Nobody was disappointed, for all the members had a good time, especially the girls. On May 8th, the Glee Club had a theatre party and heard "Il Trovatore."

It has been acknowledged by critics that the music and entertainments given by the Glee Club this year have been kept up to the standard of former years, and probably have superseded it.

STANLEY G. GRUNDY.

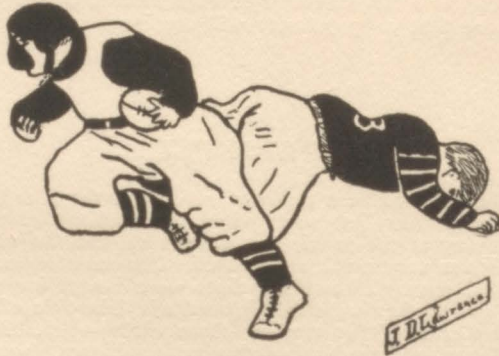
In Memoriam

Died A.D. November 21, 1908

Our Football Hopes

Aged 1 Victory, 1 Tie Game, 6 Defeats

It is Better to have Tried and Lost
Than Never to have Tried at All

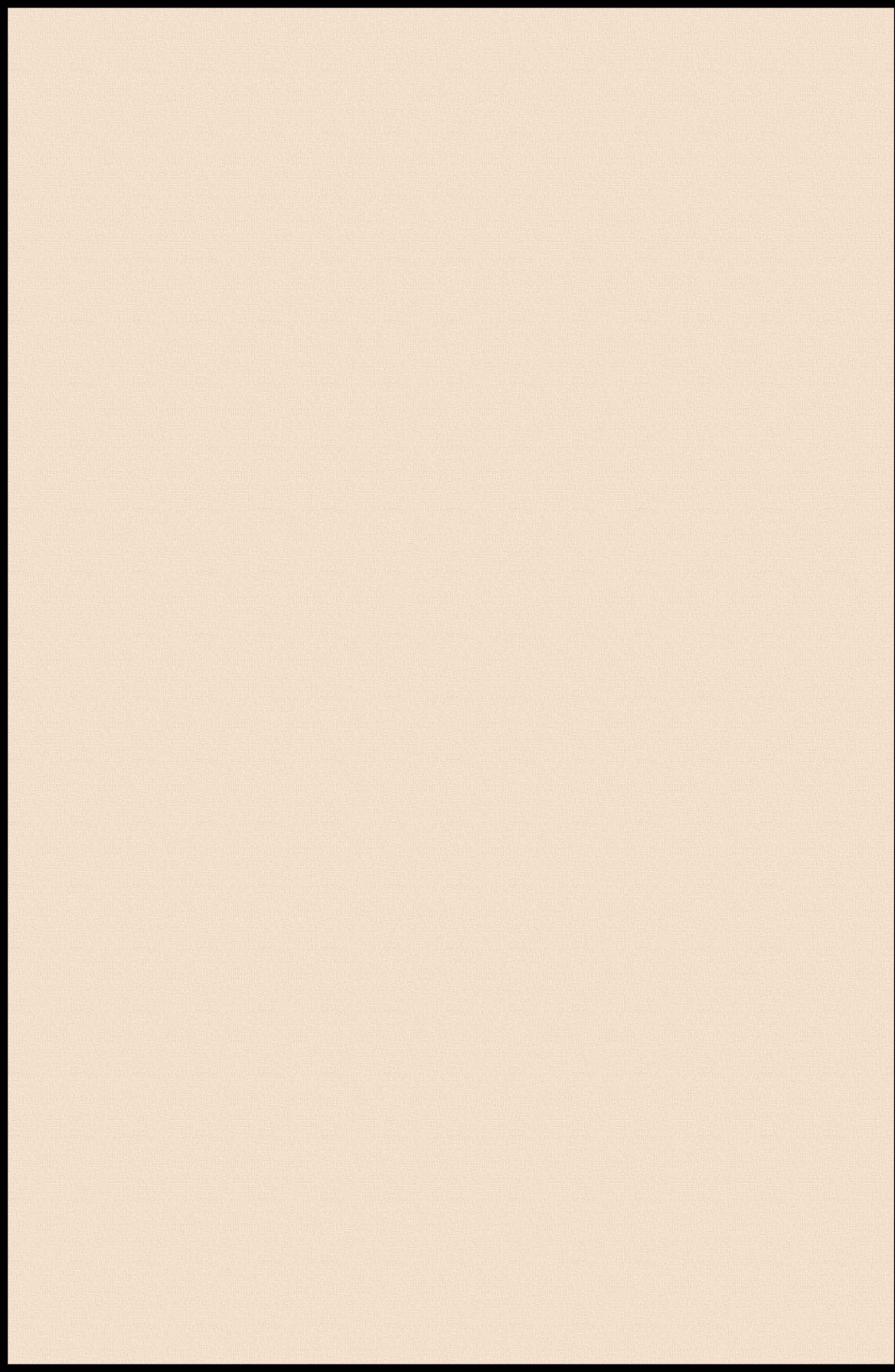


What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief.

Shakespear.



F. H. Pilch.





THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Members

MR. P. J. SMITH, *Conductor*

IRVING JACQUIN, violin
STEPHEN BETTS, violin
PHILIP MULENTHALER, violin
WALTER ELLOR, violin
PAULA CADY, viola

EDWIN CADY, 'cello
JAMES CADY, clarinet
EDITH ALBINSON, piano 1908-09
JESSIE PATON, piano 1909-10
MINNIE AUE, violin

GUSTAV LAUFFER, violin
REMI BUTTENHAUSEN, violin
LILIAN SEIBERT, violin
ALBERT SCHLEICH, violin

A TRIP TO NEW YORK.

You, perhaps have heard of a "Trip to the Moon," but ours was one to New York. One bright morning the Glee Club and Orchestra met at the spacious and modern Lackawanna station, ready for their outing. There were fifty-six persons, including two teachers proficient in languages and also capable of looking out for the male portion of our party. As we stood on the platform waiting for the train, the following bit of conversation was overheard: "Say," said one, "what's going on to-day?" "Why," replied another, "it looks like an outing from some orphan asylum."

When the ten twenty-eight train came down from Glen Ridge a special coach had been set apart for our party. At Newark our instructor joined us, making Heinz's fifty-seven varieties complete. Like some of our experiments in chemistry, we were passed through a delivery tube into New York. Arriving at the Hotel Albany, we found rooms awaiting us, where we were made comfortable. We feared an interview from reporters, and so quickly noising about that we were from Bloomfield, N. J., we were left unmolested. At this juncture there were two diverse attractions, the one Mr. Jeffries, upstairs, the other, a luncheon provided for us downstairs. The boys became frantic at the possibility of seeing Jeffries, but the girls were more interested in luncheon, and leading the way to the dining room, were finally followed by the boys, who hadn't had a glimpse of Mr. Jeffries. The luncheon was all that could be desired, and warmer than some anticipated, when they ate pepper sauce for catsup.

Our destination was the Hippodrome, with its ærial visions, sporting scenes and circus. We considered our part of the performance, climbing heavenward numberless flights of steps, quite a feat, but we were rewarded by having the best seats in the house. We were startled by an announcement that one of the boys had lost grace. We were not certain whether he really had fallen from grace or missed one of his particular friends. The latter was the case, however. He found her! After the song, "I'm Looking for a Sweetheart, and I Think You'll Do," our instructor, who was sitting in midst of the girls, assured the usher that he had found his sweetheart long ago.

The performance was very enjoyable, and after we had secured a coach on the "L" train for our party, all gave vent to their good feelings by singing various songs. Arriving in Bloomfield without a mishap, the general sentiment as expressed was, that it was truly a day of pleasure never to be forgotten. Before leaving the train twelve cheers were given respectively for the luncheon, the President of the Glee Club, the chaperons and last, but not least, for Prof. Smith.

C. F. DAY.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1909.

The fall of 1905 was an eventful period for Bloomfield High School, for it marked the birth of the wonderful class of 1909. Indeed, as events have since proved, it was an epoch-making year. Candor compels me to admit that the class gave little promise of its future greatness, save that it had a confident consciousness of its own unmeasurable superiority over all Freshman classes, which had preceded it or were yet to come. No sophomore was safe from its jokes and no sophomore banquet ever felt sure of its ice-cream. It soon, however, noted its own deficiencies, deficiencies which, when first seen, seemed enormous and impossible of correction. Nevertheless, the class was courageous and taking as the totem of its tribe the mighty lion, it resolved that it, like Cæsar, having come would both see and conquer. With this resolve the class of 1909 started to take its own which, with it, meant the sum total of knowledge, light, friendship, and affection to be gained within the walls of Bloomfield High. Unlike some animals the more this class assimilated the smaller it grew. But that complaint afflicts all classes in all High Schools. As it grew smaller the survivors, like seasoned troops, stood the closer together and made still more strenuous assaults upon their ancient enemy, the giant Ignorance. In this they in time received some assistance from those of higher classes who, perceiving its virtues, would not be denied admittance and dropping in as casual friends to pay a visit soon concluded to spend the rest of their High School days within its fold.

But the end of all things, even fresh things, has to come and when it arrived, the grinds in this class graduated into the Sophomore class and at last reached the stage in life where they felt competent to advise their parents and grand parents on the proper methods of conducting the affairs of this world. The class at this time, with the kindly assistance of a learned friend, evolved a motto. It was, "Amor vincit omnia etiam minores, which translated is, "Love overcomes all things even the Juniors." It also elected unto itself a president, W. Erving Heckel, who had athletic leanings; a vice-president, Cora Day, whose aesthetic taste in youth was varied and appreciative; a secretary, William Peters, who smiled upon the girls and hoped to handle the funds of the class when they were acquired. During this year the class began to show some traces of its future high spirit and adopted a class pin, clever in design and beautiful in execution. Many of these, it grieves me to say, were lost during the following summer. Some of them were found by other members of the school, but strange to relate were not returned to their original owners. For particulars you are referred to our fair president. During the winter months, the Sophomores gave a banquet which the Freshmen did *not* attend. But it was during the spring months of this year that the members of the class gained their greatest reputation, that of being the most clever and daring at cutting periods. One boy became especially proficient at this diversion and having a good imagination remained undetected until one unlucky afternoon when, as he came out of Proctor's, he ran into our good vice-principal. His study of

the drama was not fully appreciated at the time although it subsequently blossomed forth on classic stage of Central Hall.

In athletics the Sophs ground the unlucky Freshmen of 1910 into the earth at both football and baseball. On these occasions the gentler sex grew wildly enthusiastic and screamed out the class yell.

When! When! When!
Naughty nine meets nineteen-ten,
Then we'll erase them
'Till you cannot trace them,
Smeared out—
Ray! Ray! Ray! Naughty nine.

It is needless to say that the unlucky ones, like bad pennies, returned to plague us and formed a knockers club which still kicks at everything in the High School including themselves.

In the Junior year the class, discovering the unsuspected clerical abilities of M. G. Milliken, elected him to the presidency; that eminent member of Sorosis, Miss Ruth Seymour, to the vice-presidency, and the noted engineer-to-be, Stanley Grundy, secretary and treasurer, and with these eminent persons at the helm the class prepared to enjoy the studies and pleasures of the Junior year. During this year our emblem, the gentle lion, was chased by some rude Roosevelt into realms of things that have been and now are not. This so excited our class poet that she exploded the following:

Mahlon's hat in peace reposes
On the lion's tawny mane,
Our Apollo, wreathed in roses,
Umbrage took against the same.

Short time he with anger gazed
At the ornamented brow,
Quickly then his foot he raised
And where, O where, is Lion now?

It was about this time that some members of the class being dissatisfied with the appearance of room seven, decided to try their hands at mural decorations. Consequently they remained one Friday afternoon when they thought that they would be able to concentrate all their thoughts on the work. For a time they progressed rapidly in their philanthropic endeavors. Nearly everything was finished and the end of their labors appeared not far distant. But alas! their efforts were all in vain. As a finishing touch they had just succeeded in placing the waste paper basket in a place where it could be more readily viewed by all the pupils. They were in the act of fastening it in place when the janitor suddenly poked his head in the door and, after making his presence known, hastened to inform our honored principal of the changes that were taking place. Now John's advent was rather abrupt and unfortunately the basket was none too firmly secured in its exposed position. Consequently when the Junior, who was holding it in place,

startled, withdrew his support the basket following the law of gravity dropped from its position above the chandelier upon the gas fixtures; and breaking several finally reached the door. Thus alas were the artistic plans of the Juniors frustrated. The next instant our principal stood in the doorway. Imagination may picture the sequence or the sequences. I cannot bear to.

The students who chose the gentle paths of dalliance during this year have long since passed out of the chosen band and are now seeking an education in the world's rough school. Peace be to their memory, they loved ease, "Not wisely, but too well."

The prominence attained by the class during its first three years was as nothing compared to the bright effulgence of glory of its final and scintillating year. The teachers thought so much of the personnel and discipline of the class that on the first day of school they marched us up to assembly where we stood at inspection as examples to the Freshmen, of what they in time might attain. The next day the attendance in the Freshman classes showed an alarming decrease.

The first item of note that occurred was the production of a melodrama, "The Count of Quadrumana," in which our girls starred. The memory of this event will linger long in the minds of the boys of 1912. As a melodrama it was a comedy but as an object lesson it was a pronounced success. Great credit is due the brilliant mind which conceived the scheme. A Hallowe'en masquerade occupied the minds of 1909 to the exclusion, I fear, of their studies in October last. Rip Van Winkle awoke again, Henry Hudson renewed his discoveries, Mein Herr Schmidt und Frau Dunkelspiel again delighted us. Uncle Rube and the circus clown roamed around arm in arm. Little Red Riding Hood, attended by a most solicitous Wolf, came duly to hand. King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, attended most incongruously by Preacher Sambo and Aunt Dinah, attracted much attention. Hi Holler performed circus stunts. Lady Macbeth, accompanied by the three Witches, I had almost written Graces, obliged. Some of us found our fortunes lay in our faces. Notwithstanding this, the affair was most successful, especially after we found out who we were and had unmasked. The revel was over in the early morning but the recollections, thereof, will ever linger.

The Christmas festivities came next in order. The class of naughty nine showed its originality upon this festive occasion by decorating the class room and by having a Christmas tree decorated with tinsel ornaments and presents for every member of the class. The generous Juniors, although they were unable to celebrate the day as they wished, yet very kindly loaned to us for the occasion the most beautiful ornament in their room, a large and magnificent specimen of the *gramen parvus*. The Senior class reciprocated in kind by decorating the Junior classroom.

The dread mid-years followed immediately the Christmas vacation. Of course in the case of the Seniors familiarity with these

agonizing instruments of torture had bred contempt, or at least indifference. They knew that they would pass of course, so what was the use of worrying.

The reception to Miss Draper was the biggest and most successful affair undertaken by the Senior class. One of the brightest features about it was the fact that it was a complete surprise to Miss Draper. This seems remarkable when it is considered that several hundred people knew the secret. Other novel features were the excellent verses which our class poet composed and which were set to music; and the ringing of the old High School bell in honor of the occasion.

But I must not neglect to tell about the social festivities that marked April 1st. As usual, in affairs of this kind, the Junior classroom was the scene of the festivities. Our honored successors being of a philanthropic and kind disposition graciously invited us to attend and we, nothing loth, accepted their gracious invitation. A varied, all-star vaudeville entertainment was furnished in which some of the Seniors and all of the Juniors starred. The headliner was the comedy, "The Disappearing Mirror." The sketch was mirth compelling and fully merited the applause which it received. Mention should be made of the natural and realistic acting of that member of the Junior class, who took the leading role, while a certain Senior, as the villainess kept the audience in a gale of laughter throughout the performance.

The other sketch, "Bleistift und Feder," was much longer and employed a larger cast. It presented that famous Senior, who as the unfortunate villain was always caught and foiled in his base schemes. It also presented two Senior girls in an original and amusing disappearing stunt, and a chorus of pretty Juniors, who gave a spirited rendering of two tuneful songs, "Wo ist mein Bleistift?" and "Beliebte Feder bist du da?" Another feature of the bill was the bright and sparkling dialogue, "Why Freddie likes Parrots."

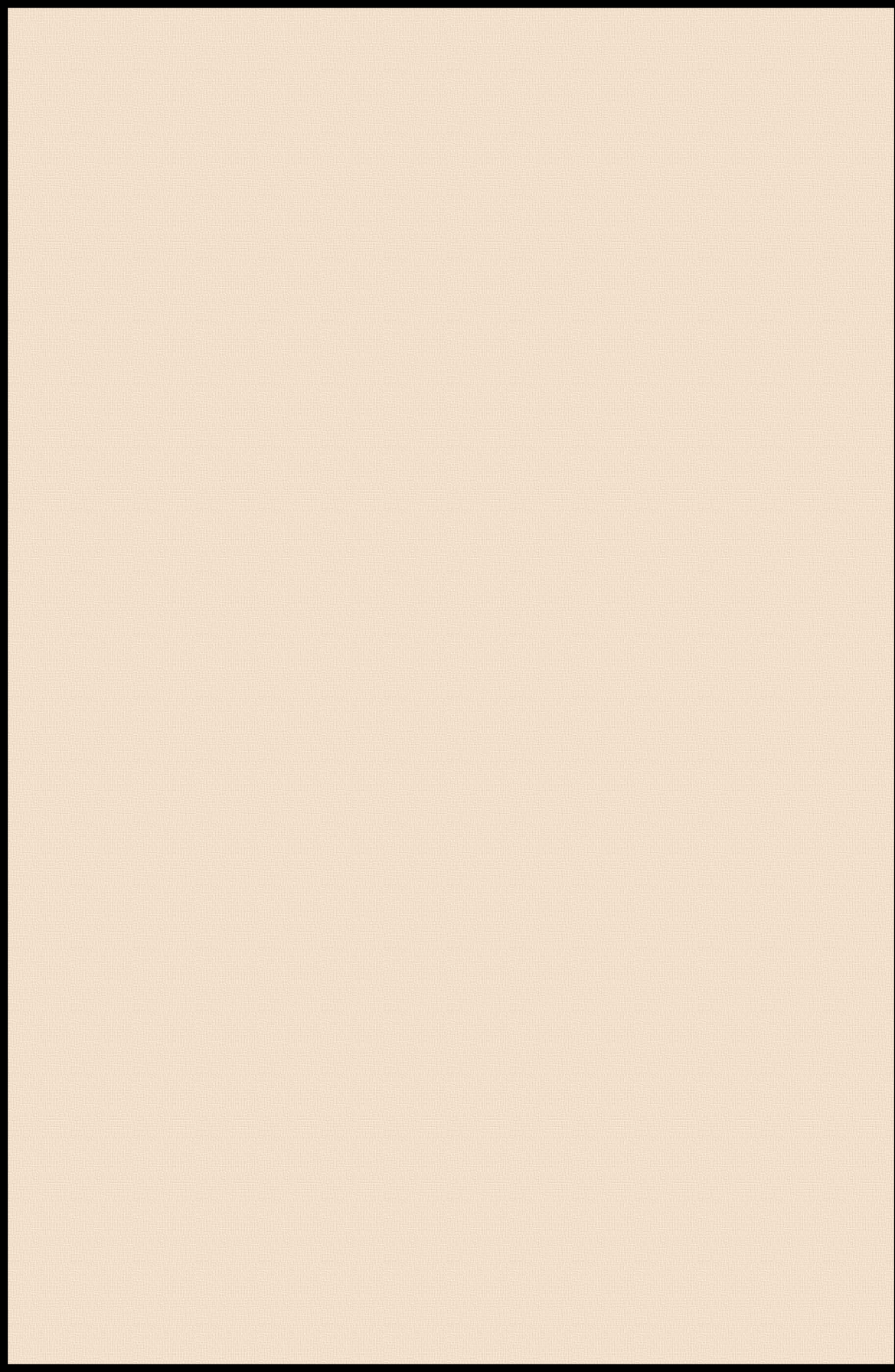
The entertainment closed with a song and dance by the College Quintet, "I'm in love with a green Freshman."

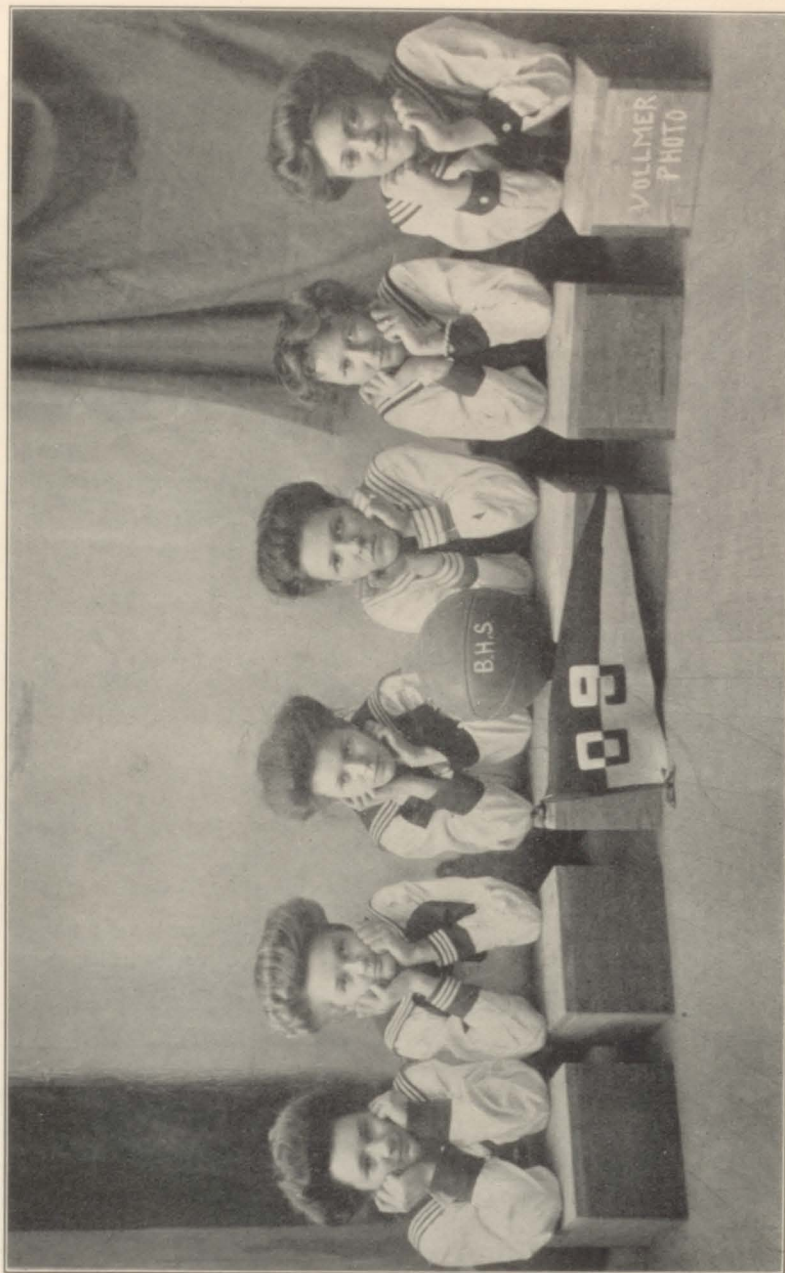
At last the class has reached the end of its Senior year and the summit of the pyramid of the educational system of the Town. How many gaily start in the kindergarten at the base of the structure and how few, unfortunately, ever survive the trials of the course set for them and reach the top. Here we stand at the end prepared to mount our respective airships and launch ourselves into the infinitude of the world. Where we will land, we do not know, but with hearts alive with courage and with love for our Alma Mater, we will meet (unfalteringly) the cares and troubles that may be in store for us and taking such comforts and pleasures on the way as may present themselves, we trust that our respective careers may be a credit to ourselves and an honor to Bloomfield. And with this page your humble historian bids a last fond farewell to the Faculty and scholars of Bloomfield High. May their shadows never grow less.

FREDERICK H. PILCH.

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF FAMOUS STUDENTS.

- Irma H.*—"The nerve of some people's children!"
- Florence Sw.*—"Ach, mein Louie!"
- Emily B.*—"I don't care, now!"
- Josephine C.*—"Perfectly killing!"
- Beatrice C.*—"Horrid Creature!"
- Frances L.*—"I won't!"
- Edith A.*—"Now, dearie!"
- Erving H.*—"Little spitfire!"
- Bessie V.*—"Oh, Mr. Losee!"
- Ethel R.*—"Last night——!"
- Cora D.*—"The worst is yet to come!"
- Paula C.*—"Now, see here!"
- Gordon G.*—"Stung!"
- Florence Sv.*—"Ohh-h-h!"
- Olive T.*—"Mr. S——, will you kindly tell us what you are trying to do now?"
- Mahlon M.*—"Have a little pity on a po-o-or married man!"
- Ruth Sey.*—"Now, Boys!"
- Willie P.*—"He never says anything."
- Ruth T.*—"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"
- Fred P.*—"No, I wouldn't do it that way!"
- Jack R.*—"He won't see ME at 3 o'clock!"
- Norma M.*—"Won't that be perfectly lovely!"
- Stanley G.*—"Now, how do you do this one?"
- Ruth Str.*—"Say, have you done your Latin?"
- May W.*—"I was much amused."
- Angie C.*—"Truly wonderful!"
- Edith E.*—"That's turrible!"
- Beulah B.*—"Did you get this example? It's fierce!"





EDITH ELLOR

BEATRICE COOPER

NORMA MOORE
(Captain)

EMILY BENOIT
(Manager)

LOUISE POLHEMUS

ETHEL RISSLER

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

Captain, NORMA MOORE.

Manager, EMILY BENOIT.

After a hiatus of three years, B. H. S. had a girls' basket ball team again this year. The enthusiasm with which the girls took hold of the game makes one wonder why the previous three years passed without this auxiliary to B. H. S. athletics. There was enough material to form first and second teams and leave a good sized waiting list. Our most serious drawback was the lack of a suitable gymnasium. Of the two that we used, one was too small, and, in the other, the baskets and the ceiling were too low. Considering the fact that our most expert gunning failed to bring down a coach, our record was remarkably good; we won three games out of nine and lost several of the games by a small margin only. It seems significant that, upon the one occasion when we had a coach for a practice previous to a game, we defeated a team which had not been defeated before in this season.

We extend our best wishes to next year's team, including a hope that they will have a good gym. and a competent coach.—P. L. C.

SOPHOMORE SQUIBS

(*Pupil translating*)—"And on account of the duration of the storm it was impossible to keep the soldiers longer under their skins" (meaning the tents of skin).

(*Pupil translating*)—"A shield from the rear—of one soldier—Oh, no! —a shield having been—oh—a—detached from one soldier in the rear."

Miss V. (*reading*)—"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
"Then darted to the sun."

Mr. C.—"Why did they go to the sun, Miss V.?"

Miss V.—"Why, I don't know. I suppose because it is warmer there."

Mr. C.—"If that is the reason, then, according to all tradition, they should go in the opposite direction."

Miss S.—"Do you want a description of his life up to his death?"

Mr. L.—"Yes; we don't know what happened to him after that."

Wise Soph.—"Gee! that dog of Bob's is smart. Whenever he sees a burglar or a tramp he puts his tail between his legs and runs. But when he sees a friend he bites him right off, because he knows Bob won't let him be hit back."

Miss B. (*to joke chaser*)—"Why don't you go ask Mr. M. for jokes, part of the time?"

J. C.—"Why, I did, and he told me that whenever he gets one he tells it to you and you write it down."

Miss M.—"Why, he never told me but one, and he couldn't remember the point to that."

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '09.

CORA F. DAY.

As a graduation gift on the 22d of June, 1909, I received an airship and in July I took the first trip with that machine. About five years later, during which time I had taken various trips, and had grown much more courageous, I decided to take a long journey with the ship. When I had ascended only a few hundred feet above the earth I lost control of the ship by some mishap and found myself going up and up. All the knowledge of machines which I had acquired during the Physics course in B. H. S. was applied in vain. We were almost to the clouds, now above them, and still going up rapidly. Suddenly, the ship collided with what resembled a tower and then took a downward course. In a moment I found myself in the strangest city in the midst of the funniest people, who were of a greenish tint resembling our Freshmen. It was Mars, of which I had heard so much. Judging from appearances they thought me some evil spirit come to destroy them, and the way in which I was received reminded me of the experience of a senior editor in search of "Red and Gray" subscriptions among a group of Freshmen. Still dazed by the strange adventure and without any opportunity for explanation, I was taken prisoner and the next day shot from a cannon into the air. Of course, they had hoped to kill me, but my time had not yet come. In falling toward the earth I saw the moon below and endeavored to land on it. Just when I thought I had succeeded and was safe the portion to which I was clinging broke off and to my surprise it was Green Cheese. Again I found myself in space but comforted by the reflection that I had an abundant supply of cheese to keep me from starvation on my rapid journey. However, I soon dropped to the earth in the midst of a field of daisies. Quickly as possible I found the nearest wireless telephone and sent back one word to the Martians, "Stung." In endeavoring to locate myself I saw in the distance a little church and near the church the sweetest little cottage. As I neared the cottage I saw a young man in clerical garb whom I did not recognize, but on the porch was Florence Swainson. Calling the young minister the unknown, or X, and applying my knowledge of mathematics, the problem was soon solved. How nice it seemed to be with one of the girls again after such a long absence and to learn that she was living in one of the suburbs of Bloomfield. Florence told me of Frances Leach's recent departure to Europe, where she had gone as a missionary to darkest England to convert it to American ways. Recalling very vividly that United States History Course in 1909, I was able to assure Florence that the early Biblical training with Prof. Losee no doubt had been a great help to Frances in her difficult undertaking. Next, Florence told me that Beatrice Cooper had been made President of the United States. This surprised me, for I thought she would have been Ambassador to the Court of Alexander the Great before this time. During our course in B. H. S. she devoted much time to the study of "Life of Alexander the Great." And Florence also added Irving Heckel has gone down to Washington to the inauguration in the capacity of Bloomfield's "Handsome Man." His knowledge of the ways and wiles of women will be beneficial at last, for he is one of Beatrice's chief advisors. We have another member of our class at Washington, Florence continued—"Fred Pilch." Then she showed me a clipping from the morning paper which read thus: "President Cooper proposed to make Frederick Pilch, the well known lawyer and agriculturist, Secretary of Agriculture, but his unfitness for that post was discovered when it was learned that he had had printed and was about to send out to the farmers of the United States, 10,000 tracts telling of the advisability of grafting cabbages on apple trees and thus saving garden space. Thereupon President Cooper gave this post to one of the 1910 class. It is rumored that Mr. Pilch will be consoled by the offer of the post of Attorney-General.

I had scarcely finished reading the clipping when Florence handed me a letter which she had received from Florence Svenson. On reading the letter I found that Florence had gone to Japan as U. S. Ambassador. This might have been expected, for her orations up at the High School were always on "Japan." This was certainly all very pleasant news, yet nothing more than could have been expected from the class of 1909. Finally, under

Florence's direction, I started for Bloomfield in hope of visiting the new High School which she said was now a fact. I hadn't gone far when I was overtaken and passed by a large automobile driven by William Peters, who evidently was on the way to the Bloomfield Market with a large automobile load of products from his farm. Florence had told me that his farm was the model for the surrounding country and his fish pond the envy of all his friends. One would have expected to find a fish pond, for in B. H. S., he excelled in his fish stories. As I journeyed along I came to what used to be the Morris Canal, and there, to my utter surprise was an electric railway in place of that beautiful and clear stream of water. Nearby was a beautiful station not quite as spacious or modern as the Lackawanna Station was in 1909. However, while waiting for a train at the station I learned that an Essay written by a member of '09 in that year on the "Extermination of Mosquitoes" had been the real cause of the abandonment of the canal, for it was proven that while the canal flowed mosquitoes would thrive. As I boarded the train I purchased a paper, and the first paragraph that my eyes fell on read thus: "Mahlon Milliken, captain and fielder on U. S. Champion Baseball Team, will play in one of the greatest games of the season. He makes his team work in concert to the tune of 'Have a Little Pity on a Poor Married Man.'" On another page, under advertisements, I saw the following interesting ads: "Come and visit the large toy factory at Watsessing under the management of Miss Ethel Rissler—Specialty, Tin Soldiers." A second one was "Finder of occupation for folks, Red and Gray Bldg.—Miss Josephine Carter." The next was "Miss Edith Albinson—Kitchenograph for reconciling dainty young ladies to housekeeping. Moving pictures illustrate methods while directions set to classical music are sung by phonograph. Music is arranged by Miss Albinson, the inventor." As I was about to lay the paper down I noticed another amusing advertisement: "Miss Edith Ellor, Instructor in Fancy Dancing—Specialty, the Clown Dance." Just then a train boy came through shouting "Chemistry and Criminals," latest novel by Alice Bleecker, the authoress of "Math and Mystery," "History and Hysterics." At the same time a well dressed man with loud socks and tie to match entered the car. It was Stanley Grundy and for a moment I found myself looking for the constant companion of his school days—his brother, of course. He sat down beside me and I related to him my experiences. Then he told me he was in a Cooperative Insurance Company, a company, he explained, for insuring Chemistry and Physics papers before reaching Mr. Smiley. Next he related the following story to me: "One day in 1912 Jack Rawson and I started on a little trip in my yacht, but when night came we found ourselves shipwrecked on the Cannibal Islands. In the morning we set out to find food, Jack in the lead displaying all the bravery which he retained *even* after that year of Chemistry in B. H. S. I," said Stanley, "was not far behind when I saw him captured by a band of savages. I succeeded in climbing a tall tree unnoticed, and from the branches I watched the proceedings. They tied Jack to a tree in the midst of an open space and left him. About dinner time the king came with a club to kill him. Next came the subjects dancing and yelling and arrived just in time to find Jack preparing to roast the King. Now, as they had no king they made the best of a bad matter, put the king in the soup and Jack on the throne. To think," added Stanley, "Jack is King of the Cannibal Islands." As he was finishing this interesting tale, the conductor called "Bloomfield." After bidding Stanley good-bye I left the train. Before I had a chance to see anything, I was pounced upon by two persons with wild, staring eyes and disheveled hair, who pulled me in opposite directions. One screamed, "Come! vote for woman suffrage, for the equality of woman with man. Women have long been downtrodden!" The other cried, sarcastically: "Yes, come and vote for ruination of homes." Imagine my surprise in recognizing Beulah Barker as the Anti-Suffragette and in the ramping, raging, roaring Suffragette our Bessie Vreeland. As soon as I recognized them the memory of old feelings and associations overcame me, and according to my custom in those dear old days in B. H. S., began to reprove them for their unseemly conduct. Before I had uttered the first sentence they in turn recognized me and, just as they used to do, exclaimed: "Why Cora Day!" I inquired for Emily Benoit's whereabouts and Bessie told me that she was demonstrating in a jewelry store the advantage of Lorgnettes and how to use them. Remembering with

what degree of success she exhibited their use in the High School play of 1909, I concluded, doubtless her success had continued. Remembering my anticipated visit to the High School I hurried toward Broad St. As I walked along I noticed the neatest little office and in looking for a name my eyes fell upon this sign: "Advice free at all hours on all known questions—Olive Terhune. In the lower left-hand corner was: "N. B.—Please bring a cracker for the parrot." Trying to realize that all I saw and heard was true, I found myself in front of Norma Moore's Millinery establishment, where the most beautiful hats were displayed. One amusing thing about them was that all of them were trimmed with toy balloons. How fortunate I thought that toy balloons weren't stylish in 1909, for those Juniors with balloons on their hats wouldn't have been able to keep both feet on the ground. Just then a little boy came along and thrust into my hands a card which read thus: "Visit Miss Ruth Seymour's Manicuring Parlors; hours from 12-12; special attention paid to Freshman boys." Once more I hurried up Broad St., and on the corner of Belleville Ave. and Broad I beheld the beautiful new High School Building, which in 1909 had been partly a dream, now a reality. What a magnificent structure of marble! Yet, as I ascended the front steps I could not avoid looking back across the street at the dear old red building within whose walls we had spent those happy years. Going on, I opened the front door and went in. Everything seemed new and strange, but for a moment. In the next minute I heard Mr. Smiley, in that familiar tone, trying to make clear to the minds of Physics pupils the difference between an electrolyte and an Israelite. The new building had been built on the exact plan of that in "Our Red and Gray" of 1909. I knew where Miss Draper had desired to have her office located when it should be realized, and I immediately sought that part of the building. I found the office with very little trouble. Gently I opened the door and slipped in not unnoticed, however, by Miss Draper, who greeted me most heartily. She was busy, as usual—just then admonishing one of the seniors for bad example set to Freshmen while several boys anxiously awaited their turns, and so I chatted with Ruth Strubel, Miss Draper's private secretary. To think of Ruth's spending most of her time in the office when a few years ago if she had been sent there for five minutes, something would have happened! Ruth told me of May Wyker's recent appointment as teacher in the Manual Training School under Miss Jones' supervision. Having disposed of the boys, one by one, by looking over the daily record of this one and by giving a few words of warning for the morrow to that one, Miss Draper was at last free. We talked over the many good times we had had in the old High School Building. Then we went through the new building. It was not until we came to the French class-room that Miss Draper told me Irma Harrison was teaching French in the place left vacant by Miss Hasbrouck, who had gone to France to add to that abundant knowledge of the language which she already possessed in 1909 and discover, if possible, a new method for marking elocution. Irma was not in the room, but we found her in Mr. Losee's room. From all appearances she had contracted Miss Hasbrouck's habit of going down to Mr. Losee's room to borrow attendance blanks. When we returned to the office Miss Draper took up from her desk a large box of candy and remarked, with a smile, as she invited me to take a piece, that she had that morning received it from Mr. Morris in admission that he had backed his opinion once too often. On the side of the box was the name "Gordon Grundy, Confectioner." This did not surprise me, for his liking for candy was exhibited as early as 1909. As I stood looking out of the window, I remarked about the neatness and the improvement in the general appearance of the town. Miss Draper then asked me if I knew that Paula Cady was President of the Town Improvement Association. I did not answer—I was thinking of the time Paula tried to improve the looks of things by dressing up Apollo. Miss Draper did not speak either, perhaps she had remembered, too. The silence was soon broken by the old clock on the First Church striking five. Hurriedly we ran over the locations and occupations of the members of the last naughty class.

Ruth Tice and Angie Crowell were the only two of whom I hadn't heard. Miss Draper told me that Ruth had only just reached her chosen field of work in Turkey, the cause of the delay being that after she had finished her preparation a rest seemed necessary and so she had stopped in Paris to improve her physical condition by a diet of French desserts. As

Ruth could not be idle she devoted herself while resting to reading. The book which she read and re-read was entitled "Slang, the Murderer of the English Language." "Angie," Miss Draper said, "is founder and superintendent of the Bloomfield Nurseries, and her specialty is growing peaches. She has made her name famous through the state as the inventor of a choice variety of peach which she has called "The Erving." I could understand her choice of the name clearly, for during her course in B. H. S., she was particularly fond of "The Works of Erving." After bidding Miss Draper farewell I turned to her again and asked her: "Miss Draper, really, now, do you think, considering its great achievements in the world, the naughty-nine class was worth all the trouble it caused during its four years in the High School?" And Miss Draper hesitatingly replied: "W—e—l—l, per—r—haps."

CORA F. DAY.

Miss Cora Day, as you can well appreciate, had enough adventures and excitement in the first ten years of her alumna membership to last any ordinary mortal two lifetimes. However, after resting a year, she decided that it was her duty to travel over the country lecturing upon the subject of her experiences, and to convince skeptical audiences, she always produced a piece of the identical grass she lit upon when she struck the earth in her return journey from Mars. She had a little informal talk which she was in the habit of addressing to school children by way of advertising her later lecture in each town she visited. This was upon the subject of Seniors, their limitations, their limit, and their general effect upon Freshmen. She continued in this career till she one time met a noted botanist who was staying at the hotel which she patronized. He devoted so much time to investigating and classifying Day's-eyes, that he came to be known as a specialist on that subject and Cora was persuaded to become his chief assistant, which is the end of *her*!

P. L. C.

A HOT MISSILE.

The fall of the year is the time at which nature brings forth the products of the year. John Daly, a boy about seven or eight years old, was making use of them in a rather extravagant way. He had set a tin can upon a post near the barn and was trying to knock it off the post with tomatoes and peppers. He kept it up until he had thrown away all the hard ones. Several times he hit the can, but he always replaced it, and then went at his bombardment again. He finally picked up a big soft pepper which had been lying near his feet. He had not touched it before because he had a cut on his right hand, and a juicy pepper is a pretty hot thing. However, his ammunition was running out and this pepper was the only thing in sight. John picked up the pepper very gingerly, took careful aim and then let drive at the can. Strange to say, the pepper never reached the tomato can. John's uncle, Bill, was coming along the side of the barn where John could not see him. Uncle Bill turned the corner just in time to intercept the missile in its flight. It struck him right between the eyes with a very sloppy sound. John's Uncle Bill let out a cry that sounded like an Indian war whoop and started to run in the direction of the well. But a person can't always tell where they are going when their eyes are blinded, and Uncle Bill went plunging into a quince bush. His next stop was at the pear tree, and he finally ended up his mad race by falling over the saw-buck. Here he lay until John ran up and washed out his eyes with the contents of the moss covered bucket.

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

FRESHMAN FLIPS

Perplexed Freshman—"I've got to drop Latin."

Sympathetic Hearer—"Why?"

P. F.—"Why, so as to make the baseball team."

(In history recitation Mr. Losee makes use of the word "rambunctious.")

Class—!?!?

Mr. L.—"That is not a slang word—although I do use slang *sometimes!*"

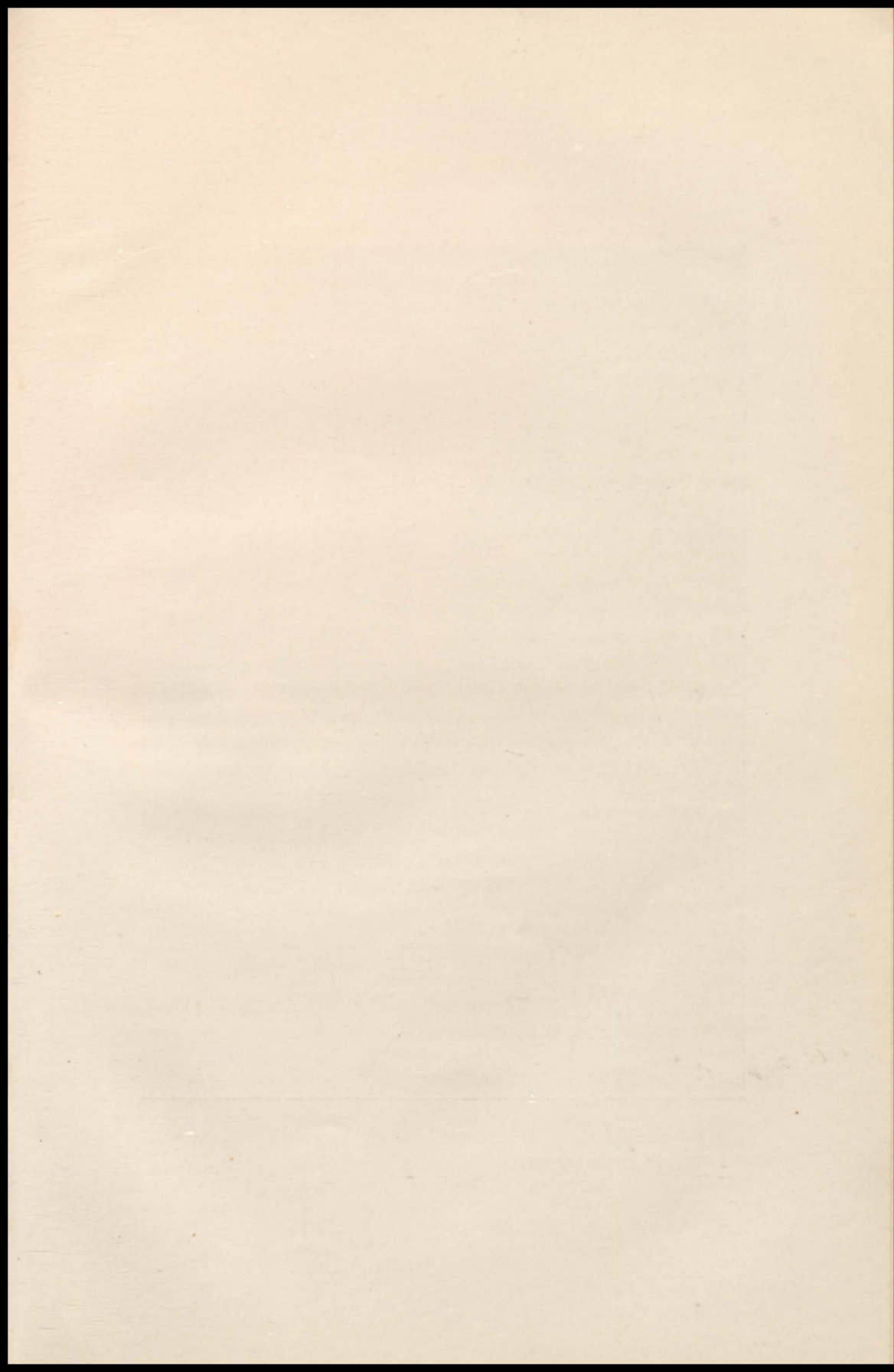
Mr. Conley—"What was the largest island before Australia was discovered?"

Mr. H. (after hard thinking)—"Why, Australia was there long before it was discovered."

(During debate)—"Lincoln always tried to find an excuse to pardon any soldier who was to be shot for going to sleep on a post."

(Girl chewing gum with feet in the aisle).

Teacher—"Mary, take your gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."





RAWSON	GENIN	CONLEY (Coach)	MILLIKEN	WALSH
	STORM (Captain)	MAXFIELD	UNDERWOOD (Manager)	

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

The basket ball team has been the most satisfactory team of the year. Its work was steady and thoroughly consistent. It started work under very disheartening conditions. No one in the High School had ever played on a basket ball team in past years. Furthermore, the team was handicapped by the fact that it did not have an adequate gymnasium in which to practice or to play any home games. By hard work the team improved until it was the equal of most of the teams in this vicinity. The most interesting game of the season was that with the Patterson Business Boys of the Y. M. C. A. The game was very close throughout. An advantage of a few points alternated from one side to the other until the last minute, when Bloomfield shot ahead with two baskets. The games with Kingsley School, Paterson H. S. and Roselle H. S. were also good games.

The team was as follows:

Forwards, Walter Underwood (Mgr.), Robert Walsh, Spencer Hamilton; guards; Frederic Storms (Capt.), Jack Rawson, Louis Genin, Mahlon Milliken; center, Carlan Maxfield.

The results of the games were as follows:

B. H. S.....	9	Glen Ridge H. S.....	24
B. H. S.....	9	Jersey City H. S.....	23
B. H. S.....	15	S. Orange H. S.....	21
B. H. S.....	9	E. Orange H. S.....	37
B. H. S.....	7	Belleville H. S.....	30
B. H. S.....	27	Passaic H. S.....	44
B. H. S.....	24	Orange, 2nd H. S.....	16
B. H. S.....	29	Kingsley H. S.....	21
B. H. S.....	13	Seton Hall H. S.....	34
B. H. S.....	28	Paterson H. S.....	21
B. H. S.....	33	Paterson B. B.....	29
B. H. S.....	45	Roselle H. S.....	28
B. H. S.....	14	Rahway H. S.....	22
B. H. S.....	25	Orange, 2nd H. S.....	19

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

CLASS WILL.

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

We, "The Class of '09," in the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, State of New Jersey, being of sound mind and memory do make and publish this, our last will and testament in manner and form following; that is, to say:

Firstly, We do dispose of and bequeath to the Class of 1910, three thousand one hundred and seventy-six cubic feet of atmosphere, contained within the walls, floor and ceiling of Room 12. We consider that this air will be sufficient to supply their great need.

Secondly, For the same class, the two birds, in hope that in peace and harmony the Owl, the Eagle and Polly may live together.

Thirdly, To the same class, the perch on which the owl and eagle sit. I advise that this perch be somewhat strengthened before the Juniors place the additional weight of their bird upon it.

Fourthly, To the Class of 1912, the venerable Goat's Head, with the provision that they take good care of it and protect it from the rustic Class of 10, who have shown that they lack appreciation sufficient to do so.

Fifthly, To the Class of 1910, the brown tabouret, on which they may place the bad boy.

Sixthly, Also to this class, the valuable library on the shelves of No. 12, which is as good as new, at least we have taken care not to wear it out by using it too much.

Seventhly, To the Class of 1910, some of the unbounded wisdom which has characterized the works of the testator throughout his life.

Eighthly, To the same class, the protection of Miss Ella Draper.

Ninthly, To this class, the remains of the mantle of '08's spirit. We have used the mantle to wrap the goat in. It was so spotted and in such a generally disgraceful condition that it took a week to clean it with chlorine water. We intended to will the entire mantle to the Class of 1910, but it was so rotten that it fell to pieces. The only part that remains intact is that on which is inscribed '08's class motto, "Blow your own horn, lest it be not blown." This we bequeath to our successors in Room 12.

Tenthly, To the Class of 1910, a small wooden box which contains pretty crimped paper and some nice bright tinsel, together with three cute little picture-men cut from the "Ladies Home Journal." With these they can amuse themselves as need arises.

Eleventhly, To this same class, the placard sent to us by the State Superintendent of Schools, telling how to keep sweet and prevent presumption.

Now, I hope that none of the other children will feel dissatisfied because this will particularly favors the Class of 1910. You all know that he has the least talents of you all, so that instead of hating him you should rather take pity upon him. With your help he may make a success of life in spite of his deficiencies.

And, lastly, We hereby constitute and appoint John H. Kreuger to be executor of this, our last will and testament, revoking and annulling all former wills by us made, and ratifying and confirming this, and no other to be our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto set our hand and seal on this the eighteenth day of June, A. D., 1909.

[SEAL]

THE CLASS OF 1909.

Signed by the said testator, Class of '09, and acknowledged by him to be his last will and testament, in presence of us, present at the same time and subscribed by us in the presence of said testator and of each other.

ANANIAS SPOKE,
KANLI SUM,
UNEVER CANTELL.

THE PASSING OF THE MATH. BOOKS.

As soon as possible after we had finished algebra, it was decided to hold a cremation of Miss Draper's Math. books in a classmate's backyard. When it was dark, our assembled class dressed in ghostly habits marched out into the backyard. We sat down in a group singing a doleful dirge which made one feel rather shivery.

The sight that met our eyes was awe-inspiring. Beside a funeral pyre lighted by blood-red flames, stood two high priests in white robes; one was covered with algebraic symbols, the other with geometric. A moment afterward the chant ceased and two noiseless figures glided by bearing a coffin. They bowed low, placed it at the foot of the pyre, and joined our ranks. Again the dirge was sung. Again two white figures floated by us, followed by two more, but this time each pair bore a bier, upon which was extended a math-book. Each pair approached one of the high priests, salaamed low, deposited the bier at his feet and withdrew. Thereupon, each priest spoke a few words of regret for the lost one and consolation to the mourners, then distributed sections of his book amongst the class. All sat silently with bowed heads. Next, one after another rose, walked silently to the pyre, placed his section of book thereon and uttered a sentiment concerning math from the uttermost depths of his heart. When all had gone through this ceremony, a torch was applied and we sat with the sad tears rolling down our cheeks, thinking—of the mosquitos humming their sweet evening songs around us. Finally the ashes were placed in the coffin, ready to be carried to their last or at least their next resting place in Miss Draper's office.

P. L. C.

CHANT.

Down, down, swing down, Old Math, swing down
To Hades gulf where skulls abound;
Where goblins howl and hiss and groan,
Where demons shriek and mortals moan.

SENIOR YEAR'S EVENTS.

Stage ride to Passaic with football team.

Material purchased by Class of '09 and pennant made for each member. School and class colors combined in design of white and green numerals on red and gray background. Girls met at Miss Moore's home to make them.

HALLOWE'EN.

Circus Queens, aided by most of the upper class boys, gave a warmly appreciated reception to certain Freshmen boys, Hallowe'en Eve. Hallowe'en night, party at home of Paula Cady.

Latin Club Saturnalia; more fun than ever, but—shades of the Ancient Romans!

CHRISTMAS.

We had a tree, and room decorations which were the envy of all. The Juniors, failing in their attempt to mutilate said decorations the night before, got in the next morning and chewed an ear from the '08 goat. The Class of '09, not suspecting the Juniors of cannibalistic tendencies, had unfortunately left him unprotected.

Some of us attended the usual alumni dance, given by '10, popularly known as the "Senior Reception."

The reason Mr. Loci came to school cross one day—he said he was cutting a wisdom tooth, but refused to tell her name.

Miss Draper despoiled Apollo of his only opportunity in B. H. S. to prove that he excelled modern men in good looks when attired in their garb.

If the individual, to whom a pair of curling irons was loaned until he could find his own, would return them, the favor would be greatly appreciated. The bona-fide owner wants to attend Commencement.

On March 18th, a reception was given by the Class of '09 to Miss Draper in honor of the completion of her 25th year as principal of the High School. The last naughty class is extremely glad to have been the fortunate one in whose year fell the privilege of commemorating this event. A fuller account will be found on previous pages. Mr. S— was unable to attend on account of a pressing engagement with his Taylor.

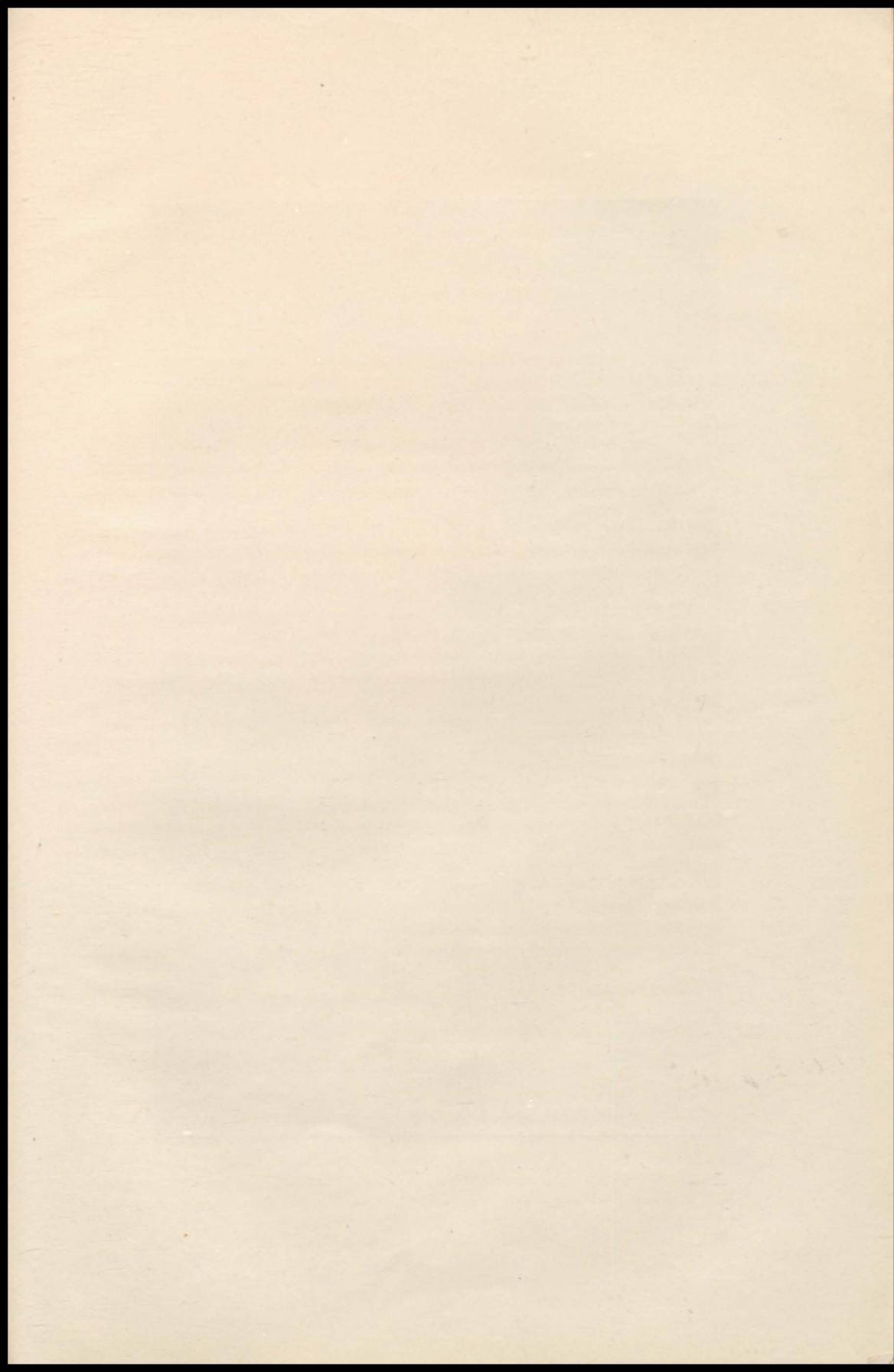
Day after reception—general clean-up, spread and parade by '09s. Faculty's songs sung in assembly.

Birthday party given to Miss Wyman. Made cake, but aren't saying anything about it.

What happened April 1st? Humph!

Reception and bonfire in honor of Math. E. Matics. Strictly a dress affair.

The idea of having records of the affairs of the school which should be more complete than those which could be put into "Our Red and Gray," was suggested in a '09 class meeting and adopted. These records concern all the B. H. S. interests and are called "The B. H. S. Archives." These are collected and arranged by one person appointed by the Class, (this year Paula Cady), and supervised generally by Miss Draper, who has charge of the book.





BASEBALL TEAM

DAVIDSON	V. Cady	CONLEY (Coach)	LAWRENCE (Manager)	TOWER	WALSH	P. Cady
McDONALD	UNDERWOOD	PIERSON	MILLIKEN (Captain)	GENIN	HAMILTON	STORM
HAYES						

BASEBALL.

The baseball season started off with a rush, with six straight wins chalked up for our team. Unfortunately, after this fine start the team met hard luck. Two players left school, two were on the sick list for quite a time, and the rest of the team were down in their lessons. Furthermore, the manager was out of school most of the time. Owing to these conditions, the season was finished in a rather indifferent manner. The results of the games up to May 15th are as follows:

B. H. S.....	12	Erasmus Hall.....	9
B. H. S.....	14	Passaic H. S.....	7
B. H. S.....	8	Mt. Vernon H. S.....	1
B. H. S.....	6	Newark H. S.....	4
B. H. S.....	17	Orange H. S.....	6
B. H. S.....	20	Roselle H. S.....	3
B. H. S.....	9	Newark A.....	18
B. H. S.....	19	Hasbrouk Inst.....	7
B. H. S.....	4	Montclair A.....	5
B. H. S.....	3	Adelphi A.....	5
B. H. S.....	1	Kingsley S.....	8
B. H. S.....	6	East Orange H. S.....	13
B. H. S.....	7	Paterson H. S.....	6

The officials of the baseball team were:

Coach, Wm. E. Conley; Captain, M. G. Milliken; Manager, D. M. Lawrence.

M. MILLIKEN.

PAULA L. CADY.

(Poet-Lariat.)

*Full many a time with vagrant rhyme to cope,
Or chase the fleeing muse with flying rope.*

GORDON AND STANLEY GRUNDY.

In everything that's come to pass,
We think *we're* Bloomfield's banner class.
The others did their best to shine,
But *we've* got *twins* in naughty-nine!

They mostly have to rhyme with Monday,
But,—anyway, their name is Grundy.

Gordon likes everything that's sweet;
Cake, chocolate or curls,
His list holds everything complete
From candy down to girls.

Now, *Stanley's* just the other way;
He's always grave, he's never gay.
He seeks the most secluded nooks.
At girls he never, never looks!?!?!??

JOSEPHINE CARTER.

Josephine inspires some awe,
Tho she ne'er lays down the law,
And the reason isn't very far to seek;
She has studied, tho so young,
An abstruse and twisted tongue,
And we wonder what she thinks of us,—in *Greek*.

BESSIE VREELAND.

Look who's coming, all in a flurry,
Our smallest girl with the largest worry.
Do you think I'll pass my history?
How I ever do is surely a mystery.
Of course, that's Bess!

ANGELINE CROWELL.

If I were only a little boy,
I tell you what I'd do;
I'd go and hire a rig some day,
And drive around for you.
We'd sit up straight, and how we'd smile!
We'd sail past all the fellows.
And as they watched us put on style,
Oh, wouldn't they be jealous!

JOHN RAWSON.

We know Jack's favorite color,
We've discovered it just since Lent.
Since Easter, in all that he wore to school,
Towards one color his fancy's been bent.
And everywhere that boy would go
That color was sure to be seen.
Why, even the band upon his hat
Played "Wearing of the Green!"

CORA DAY.

Here's a girl so bright and witty,
Wise to think, and quick to plan;
She's most always on committee,
And she helps us all she can.
Then, when deep despair comes o'er us,
Precious time has flown away,
We need only turn to Cora
And we have another Day.

ERVING HECKEL.

Tirelessly the truth pursuing,
Dauntless heart and stern endeavor,
Loud and oft his claim renewing;
"Woman is inconstant ever!"
Away! revilings,
False doubts, hence!
He says he knows,—by experience!

EMILY BENOIT.

Emily's noted for versatility,
At piano and gas-range shows great ability.
Sewing, lessons or fun,
She excels in each one,
And basketball shows her agility.

WILLIAM PETERS.

He comes among us every day,
His smile is bright and cheering;
The next thing that we know of him—
Toward home he's disappearing.

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

Of all the birds I've ever heard,
The most tuneful one is the Milliken-bird.
The little birds sometimes flirt—their wings,
But Milliken flirts even more than he sings.

NORMA MOORE.

There is a girl in our class,
Who's always dressed up swell.
Of every lad and every lass,
She always speaks right well.
She takes a leading part in plays,
And does her stunt just right;
Her every movement's full of grace,
Her singing's out of sight.

BEULAH BARKER.

Beulah is a thorough one,
Everything she does, stays done.
But her specialties are three;
Embroidery, hair and history.

OLIVE TERHUNE.

She warns us from our trivial ways
With manner so pedantic,
You'd think she could not countenance
A single silly antic.
She comes and offers good advice,
You'd quite believe she meant it;
But, when of mischief there's a spice,
She helps us to invent it.

ETHEL RISSLER.

This is Ethel, straight and tall,
She is a sharp at basketball.
We have noted of late her dash and daring,—
She's adopted a *military* bearing.

MAY WYKER.

Your regards now extend to May Wyker,
There never was anyone like her.
If you want to have fun,
And get off a bad pun,
Go to her, for the point sure will strike her.

RUTH STRÜBEL.

Mirabile visu! she's wonderful, quite.
Her Virgil translations are 'way out of sight.
Her French has such merit,
'Twould almost discourage
The rest to see such work
From a maiden of her age.

FLORENCE SVENSON.

There is a maid in Bloomfield
Who always is serene;
No matter how the rest are stirred,
She's ne'er excited seen.
I think that if an earthquake shook
Our school from ground to dome,
She'd gather up each lesson book
Before she left for home.

FREDERIC PILCH.

Stealthily stealing down the street,
There's a fierce, furtive flop to Fred's futile feet;
Doggedly dodging through doorways dim,
Patiently prodding proprietors prim;
Why wearily winds he this wavering way?
He's aiming at ads. for "Our Red and Gray!"

RUTH SEYMOUR.

There's a contrast 'twixt Ruth and a fiddle,
And the difference lies in this thing,—
A fiddle needs always four strings to one bow,
Ruth has several beaux to one string.

EDITH ELLOR.

Edith's a canny lass.
She said, "Senior exams I shall pass,
I'll do the work quick,
Tho it is quite a trick,
And go out with the naughty-nine class."

EDITH ALBINSON.

Behold, with limpid grace she stands,
In size so like a fairy.
She brings us music in her hands,
Her manner's somewhat airy.

RUTH TICE.

When it comes to an oration,
And you're wondering "What in nation
Can I take for a foundation
Of my theme?"
Ask, "Have you your subject, Ruth?"
She will answer, "Why, in truth,
Mine was done and copied long ago."

FLORENCE SWAINSON.

Florence learned the barn dance,
Then she couldn't stop.
Everywhere she had a chance,
She'd begin to hop.
One day, on the schoolhouse sidewalk,
Dignity fell off its perch,—
Florence Swainson sprained her ankle
Doing the barn dance 'round the church.

FRANCES LEACH.

When you see a maiden coming
With shy and upward glances,
If a little tune she's humming,
That is Frances.
She is quiet and demure,
But oft she's mischief brewing;
If she's quiet very long, be sure
To see what she is doing.

BEATRICE COOPER.

And now I'll tell of Beatrice,
She's sweet and full of fun.
If I should tell *on* Beatrice,
I'd likely have to run.

IRMA HARRISON.

In French lesson one day rose
Topic of the turned up nose;
Teacher halted the translation,
Looked about for illustration,
Would have failed for an example
Only Irma had a sample.

ALICE BLEECKER.

This is a maiden whose name is Bleecker,
After knowledge a most strenuous seeker.
We often regret
The pace she has set,
And to follow, our courage grows weaker and weaker.
One subject sometimes gives her relief,
And then she finds it a great relief
To search out a room that is vacant;
Then sounds through its silence in accents torrid,
"Math is just, math is just, math is JUST horrid!
None should be obliged to take it!"

PAULA L. CADY.

If you dance along the line of the "class of naughty nine,"
You may see a maiden who appears demure,
But be careful what you say, for that maiden has a way
Of saying things that you can scarce endure.
If on her weight you ponder, you need not do it longer,
Add o-u-s, there's nothing to discuss;
It is better to keep shady and acknowledge Paula Cady
As to weight just simply ponderous.
But we love her just the same, with her weight and with her name,
Give her honor in unanimous belief,
That although she may be shocking in her pointed way of knocking
She will "fill the bill" as Editor-in-chief.

SERMON AT THE FUNERAL OF MISS DRAPER'S MATH. BOOK.

We have gathered here to do honors to the deceased and to express our sorrow for his removal from our midst. We cannot find *terms* large enough to express our sorrow. Our *expressions*, no matter how near they may come to the limit of our grief, can never quite reach it, because it stretches to *infinity*. The personal regrets which we feel are the *extremes* of human passion. Our *relations* to one another in this life are such that when an old friend dies the *equality* of life seems to be *destroyed*, and in order to correct the inequality we must transpose some of the things we have considered griefs to the side of joys. We must make different *arrangements* of the things we have. Sympathy and often despondency are prominent *factors* among the emotions that stir within the heart of a person when a near friend dies. Yet, we "cannot give up and stare into vacancy for the rest of life, but must start out on a definite line of work." All life is a *series* of *progressions*, and we must be willing to abide by them even though they sometimes seem heartbreaking. Now that the deceased has left us we will appear "*absurd*." However, his place will probably be filled by another. Though, of course, not so well filled that we can substitute the new comer without knowing the *difference*. The following piece of poetry expresses our feelings exactly in this time of sorrow:

He has gone from this shore,
Where the wild billows roar.
We shall see him no more,
And our hearts will be sore.

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

CLASS PRESENTS.

ERVING HECKEL.

Sporty Necktie.

Here's a tie for the dude of the class,
He's terribly vain and won't let one pass:
Greens and blues, pinks and yellows,
He sets the style for all the fellows.

RUTH SEYMOUR.

Miniature Evening Cloak.

Wishing for an evening cloak,
Sighing for a ring;
Sighs in this case brought her one
And here's the other thing.

FLORENCE SVENSON.

Chinaman.

In Assembly you have spoken,
In accents clear and unbroken,
And you've always talked on China or Japan:
Now, for your next oration,
Here's a "dandy" illustration,
We beg you to accept this Chinaman.

OLIVE TERHUNE.

Medal for Excellent Work in Math.

This girl deserves a medal,
For a genius sure is she;
Any question she can settle,
As quick as quick can be.

WILL PETERS.

Talking Machine.

Will Peters doesn't like to talk,
He's so quiet and so shy—
This machine talks for you,
And makes you want to try.

RUTH TICE.

Foolish Dictionary.

Come, Ruth, look here!
Learn to be wise,
All criticisms bury:
Your classmates' words you'll understand
Through this "Foolish Dictionary."

ANGIE CROWELL.

Baseball Bat, Tied With Orange and Black.

A cook to be, with the cutest dimple
And the very nicest "grin";
She sometimes goes to baseball games
And watches our boys win.
The bat will help you to remember
The fun of days gone by,
The ribbons—Well, if I should tell,
It would make you awfully shy.

CORA DAY.

A Bottle of Soda Mint Tablets.

Poor Cora has indigestion
And has it all the time,
Just take this bottle of Soda Mints;
You're cured, all for a dime.

PAULA CADY.

Automobile.

Here's an auto, just the thing
For now you won't be late,
And we can have you right on time
And awfully up to date.

IRMA HARRISON.

"The Red, Red Rose."

A little piece of music
Our Prima Donna sings;
"The Red, Red Rose,"
I wonder why,
But don't ask her such things.

ALICE BLEECKER.

A Megaphone.

One would hardly know
That Alice was about;
Just talk into this megaphone
And clear our minds from doubt.

FRED. PILCH.

Parrot.

Fred isn't content with the owl and eagle,
The "mascots" of 'aught-nine;
We only learned a while ago
He thinks a parrot fine.
But "Polly" is a Junior
And that would never do,
So here is just a little one
And this one's all for you.

BEULAH BARKER.

A Box of Dates.

Important dates in history
Beulah knows them well;
Here's another kind of date,
Don't you think they're swell?

RUTH STRUBLE.

A Bunch of Violets.

Ruth, our modest maiden,
So strange, reserved, and shy,
We give you these few violets
And do you wonder why?

BEATRICE COOPER.

Life of Alexander the Great.

Of all the kings in history,
From the first right up to date,
Her choice, to us a mystery,
Is Alexander the Great.
And so we give his life to you,
A brand new, gorgeous one;
Take it home and read it through,
Perhaps you'll find it fun.

ETHEL RISSLER.

Tin Soldier.

Here's a little soldier boy,
Straight and tall and brave;
True he's only made of tin,
But this kind will behave.

FLORENCE SWAINSON.

Sketch Book.

Florence is our artist,
And a dandy too, is she;
Here's a little sketch book,
As handy as can be;
We hope you'll often use it
When you travel o'er the sea.

EMILY BENOIT.

Work Box.

Such frocks and gowns as she can make,
Wherever seen they're sure to take.
Now, here's a work box, ever so small,
But we hope it will bring the best luck of all.

EDITH ALBINSON.

A Music Box.

Here's a little music box,
We know it can't compare
With melodies played joyously
By our pianist so fair.

MAHLON MILLIKEN.

Doll Dressed as a Rector.

A man all smiles
And blonde and rosy;
A Rector, did you say?
Yes, he's the one,
Caused all the fun
With just a little posy.

BESSIE VREELAND.

Mouse.

Bessie's very quiet,
Yet we know she's there;
According to the noise
This ought to be a bear.

MAY WYKER.

Thermometer.

Our quiet May became excited one time,
In a way we had ne'er seen before;
And to help keep her wrath below boiling point,
We'll give her a thermometer.

GORDON GRUNDY.

Samples for Shirts, Socks and Neckties.

Here are lots of samples
Of all the latest plaids
For socks and shirts and gay neckties;
You know you're great for fads.

FRANCES LEACH.

A Pedometer.

A pedometer we give to you,
Make good use of it, I pray;
We've often wondered in how much time
You can walk a good long way.

JOSEPHINE CARTER.

Tennis Racket.

Josephine is quite athletic,
Her favorite sport we know,
The game she likes the best,
This racket will plainly show.

STANLEY GRUNDY.

A Lollypop.

Orange, cinnamon, lemon,
Any kind will do;
We don't know how this one will taste,
But hope you'll like it too.

JACK RAWSON.

Lock of Black Hair.

"Jack grieves so at leaving our old B. H. S.,
The reason you'll wish to be finding;
Well, you don't have to search, for I'll tell you right now,
'Tis a teacher he's leaving behind him.
Now, grieve no more, Jack! Now, Jack, don't you care!
We've got just the best that we can!
A remembrance we give from the Apollo-like dear,
A lock of his beautiful hair."

EDITH ELLOR.

A Sofa.

Now, Edith, here's a sofa,
Just room enough for you,
But take it to your cousin
For the one you broke in two.

NORMA MOORE.

Policeman's Club.

To you, Miss Norma Moore,
Fond of the social whirl,
Beware! for midnight gayety spoils health for many a girl.
But if you still insist
On following club-life through,
You need not search for another club—
Here's a club for you.

C. D.

WHAT HAPPENED ON MARCH 22d.

"One—two—three—four—one—two—three—four" chimed the clock in the steeple of the First Church. As its last chime died on the breeze it spoke thus:

"It is really an effort to make my strokes. I feel weak yet. And no wonder; The sights and sounds which have been going on around me for the last two hours have been enough to paralyze anyone's mechanism, much more that of a venerable and respectable timepiece like me.

"I don't know just how it began; but all day they seemed scarcely able to wait for me to strike the hours, and when I had gotten around to three strokes in the afternoon, there was a regular Babel in Room 12. The boys soon went down the street, and a great talking and laughing issuing from room 12 readily accounted for the whereabouts of the girls.

"About four o'clock the boys came back carrying something which looked suspiciously like an ice-cream pail. Then the class president appeared with a tin kettle! These things, combined with the odor of hot chocolate issuing from the school kitchen, and glimpses of members of the class flitting about with a piece of cake and a wooden spoon in one hand, and a cup in the other, convinced me that the affair was a spread. Well, spreads aren't bad for those who like them; but just listen to what came after!

"Out came those people and—played hop scotch! At least, the girls did. I wanted to ask them how old they were!

"They soon tired of this, however. Someone gave some sort of an order and they all trooped off down the street. After awhile I heard a great clatter and there they were, all coming back by twos and threes, one boy in the lead waving a great bunch of pennants and marking time, and *every last one* of them armed with two camp chairs!

"'At any rate, I am safe up in this tower,' I reflected, as they marched past the church and back again. But alas! I spoke too soon. The next I knew I heard the janitor inviting those lunatics into the church,—*My church!* There was a great tramping on the stairs beneath me. *My mainspring beat with jerks—I almost ceased to tick!* Those awful beings were coming nearer—nearer—invading my very domain! I controlled myself and listened. Oh, the relief of it! They came no further than to the loft below me. I heard the order given to stack arms and face about. There was very little noise now, which showed some propriety on their part, I admit. At last they were gone and I breathed freely again.

"But troubles never come singly, you know, and what was yet to come, while not so terrifying, was nerve-racking. Someone must have prescribed exercise for those Seniors. At any rate, they took enough this afternoon to last for some time. Not content with feasting, shouting and marching about, frightening a quiet-loving clock like me out of his wits, they must needs parade around the block in what, I presume, they considered fine military style.

"Just as they began to tire of this and I to hope for peace, what should happen along but a brass band! When I saw that boy with the pennants negotiating with the leader, I feared that peace and quiet were far distant. And I was right. Such a tooting, banging and tramping, such a laughing, talking, clapping and waving of banners, as that class paraded around the square headed by that brass band! The few more respectable of those upper classmen who had remained in the school now came rushing out, waving coats, dishtowels, asbestos mats and anything they could lay hands on. One tall youth in shirtsleeves brandished a gingham apron which he took off as he came. I saw house windows fly up and heads peer out as if their owners expected the circus. All the small boys within hearing collected to watch the performance. Such doings Bloomfield High School never before witnessed. It may be thankful that it can never have another *naughty class!*"

As the clock ended this story a bird which was perched near its western face, where the sun poured its last rays, twittered

softly to itself: "Yes," it said, "perhaps it is well that this awfully naughty class is to leave soon. Yet, I rather fancy that they will be somewhat missed here. There is some excuse for their hilarity, too. The cause of it may be—probably is—their naughtiness—but its immediate occasion is that they have just been celebrating an anniversary in honor of their principal—the twenty-fifth year since her coming to the school. The affair has rather gone to their heads, and no wonder; for there aren't many principals like Miss Draper."

ALICE BLEECKER.

JUNIOR YEAR'S EVENTS.

President—MARION C. HAYS.

Vice-President—DEANE M. LAURENCE.

Secretary—DOROTHY STARKWEATHER.

Treasurer—WILLIAM RANSON.

Pride of the Juniors,
Envy of all,
The 1910 Mirror
That hung on the wall.

But, oh! for the Seniors!
Temptations too great,
They stole the mirror,
But it was too late.

Miss Draper arriving
Soon settled their fate,
And repoicings postponed
To a subsequent date.

But why did they want it?
WE won't tell!
If they had *less* vanity
It would be well.

POLLY

Within the clever Junior class,
There is a sparkling, winsome lass—
Her name is Polly.

When she first came to Bloomfield High,
The girls were filled with jealousy
Because of Polly.

The boys, however, were not shy;
They always smiled as she went by.
Fair Polly.

Our baseball team lost many a game
Before she to our High School came,
Gentle Polly.

They thought Montclair might win again,
But lo! there watching in the rain
Stood Polly.

Her presence on that field so drear
Caused them to win and give a cheer
For Polly.

But this is of her praise not all,
For she can shoot at basketball,
Clever Polly.

When our girls played Newark at basketball
Who shot most baskets of them all?
Why Polly.

Besides she can do full many a thing—
Right nimbly dance, full sweetly sing,
Brilliant Polly.

But of her arts not least of all
Is the way great athletes she'll enthrall,
Pretty Polly.

To her I fain would homage pay,
But she has firmly said me nay,
Haughty Polly.

With this thought would ye poet close:
May I ne'er again endure the woes
Felt by all the rejected beaus
Of Polly.

AN EX-JUNIOR.

SOPHOMORE YEAR'S RECKONING.

Miss Dorothy Beck, dark and sweet, has such long hair it reaches her feet. *** Mr. Baker, you very well know, recites in German and makes a fine show. *** Messrs. Bleecker and Martin are very smart chaps; when they see their marks, they nearly collapse. *** Pierson, Underwood, Storms and Hays play a game of ball in a very fine way. *** Mr. Thompson, sturdy and strong, lifts fifty pounds without hurting his arm. *** Miss Hummel, who recently had a sore throat, is apt, when she reads, "To get your goat." *** Mr. Conley sent Porzer to search for a toad; on his way back he took the wrong road. *** Miss Dale, when it thunders and lightnings together, always exclaims, "What *Storm-y* weather." *** When Mr. Roesch translates French, it sounds like something queer in sense. *** Madeline Spear, a very cute girl, goes this way and that, as if in a whirl. *** Louis Genin, a champion bold, was nick-named "Grin" by his comrades of old. *** Misses Cooper and Paton are such good friends, we wonder how this friendship will end. *** Mr. Henderson, living in Watsessing, was nearly poisoned one day by B. H. S. salad-dressing. *** Misses Allen and Moran, smart looking girls, wear their hair up in rolls when it should be in curls. *** Mr. Harris, exceedingly smart for his age, sits down quick when his teacher says, "*Spell advantage.*" *** Mr. Morris, with clear tenor voice, sings "Who Is Sylvia," while the whole class rejoice. *** Irma Bernhart, a fine looking girl, very smart, reads her Cæsar as quick as a dart. *** Miss Rogow, a girl in our cooking class, makes dandy muffins for such a small lass. *** We "Sophs" had a fake party, Miss Cadmus wasn't invited; when she found it out, she said, "I feel slighted." *** The clock is striking nine, Miss Kimball isn't here. When at nine-five the hands arrive, she surely will appear. *** Erroll Losshe, of shorthand fond, went fishing in Oakes and fell into the pond. *** Mr. Torbenson and his auto each day go spinning along Mr. Morris's way. *** Misses Rawson, Kerr and Decker, who love their history books, spend all their time in corners, school and shady nooks. *** A youth named Edwin Bowns, in our class, was once seen walking on our nice green grass. *** Miss Barr made a pennant for B. H. S. She took it to the game—we won (O, yes!). *** Buck and Fisk, on the second team, said: "How do you catch a fly?" Underwood quickly turned around and caught it in the eye. *** Messrs. Brown and Fisk, very bright young chaps, went walking down to Petit's house—got into a scrap. *** Wittberg and Feitner are always improving. Look at their marks, that's a good way of proving. *** Ackerman and Schneider are both very "*schnell*," but what they called McCrodden once, I wouldn't dare tell. *** Misses Miller, Ellor, Wyker and Hays are quite stubborn girls 'cause they want their own ways. *** Miss Bowron had company, Miss Seibert had some, too; along came Miss Edland and the company flew. *** Miss Blumenfeld, Miss Baechlin, Miss Brown and we are left. All the friends are gone before and we are now bereft. *** Miss Vogelius and Miss Conklin, composers of this feat, are very fond of the sophomores and wish it was done more neat.

FOR THE HONOR OF NORWOOD.

It was the day for the annual boat-race between Norwood and Grangely High School. On each side the river banks were thronged with spectators. On the left the red and gray showed predominant; on the right the blue and gold. The boys of Norwood had worked hard to gain this victory. For two years past the races had been easily won by Grangely and if Norwood did not win this year the races were to be discontinued. The boys had given up loitering at the center in the afternoon and practiced instead. And their enthusiasm reached such an extent, that the captain even gave up automobile drives with a certain friend of his.

The boys took their places, and soon both boats were at the starting line. Bang! went the starter's gun and the race was on. Norwood was so anxious to start that each boy pulled his hardest on the first stroke, and the boat surged a foot ahead of Grangely. But Grangely soon caught up. They were confident of victory. Every stroke was on time and it looked as if they were not exerting themselves in the least while the Norwood boys were already panting. For about half the course, the race was even, the boats remaining side by side. After the half-course mark had been reached, Grangely gradually moved ahead. Norwood had used practically all her strength in the first half while Grangely was still fresh. "We must win," shouted Kent Lange, "for the honor of the school." The encouragement was just what the boys needed. They were fighting to win, but when it was for the school that they were winning, the victory appeared in a different light. Would they ever reach the goal? They were now even with Grangely but each boy felt that each minute he must stop pulling. "Harder, harder," shouted Lange, "pull boys, pull!" The Norwood oarsmen quickened their stroke. Grangely missed her chance. She struck out only a second after Norwood, but Norwood crossed the line first. "Norwood, Norwood," rang on every side, while the "Red and Gray" waved triumphantly.

CELIA E. HUMMEL.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS.

President—SPENCER HAMILTON.
Vice-President—KENNETH TOWER.
Secretary—ADELAIDE DILLON.
Treasurer—HAROLD KYTE.

FRESHMAN EVENT.

Hummel prepared for school one day;
Looked into his box;
Chose therefrom, in freshman way,
A pair of lurid socks.

Then fared he forth in mood serene,
With manner full of cheer,
For, "Sure," said he, "were never seen
Such hose in freshman year."

But ah! alas! that I must tell
A tale so weird and sad!
This is the thing that soon befell
The unlucky freshman lad:

Severe, his teacher thusly spoke,
"Pray, cease that jarring noise!"
He quick explained as 'twere a joke,
"My shoes 'tis, raise their voice."

She swift rejoined, "Then take them off!"
(One of her little knocks.)
He fast obeyed, for nothing loath
Was he to show those socks.

Indignant to be thus obeyed,
The teacher said "Arise!
Your way unto the office take
To meet Miss Draper's eyes!"

Away went Hummel, walking proud,
His socks with radiance shining;
They shed a blaze of light before,
Another streak behind him!

The freshies gasped, the sophies stared,
The juniors woke to see;
The stately seniors simply seemed
Indifferent to be.

Oh, joyously the great alarm
Rose upward like a rocket,
As fled he, one shoe 'neath his arm,
The other in his pocket.

Ah! Woe is me! I was not there
To share my friends' great glee,
But, when he next takes off his shoes,
May I be there to see.

P. L. C.

FRESHMAN COMPOSITION.

THE JUNIOR'S WATERLOO.

There had always been more or less hatred between the Seniors and the Juniors in the Brockton Academy.

The enmity was generally shown by small tricks played by the members of one class upon the other. One of the favorite tricks was to fasten on the back of an unsuspecting victim a card announcing that the bearer was "For Sale, Price 30 cents," and "To be sold at auction on the 14th." Another trick was to place a tack on the seat of an especial enemy. This trick was worked to extremes and finally each person before sitting down would thoroughly inspect his anticipated resting place.

The Seniors, however, were generally frustrated in their attempts on the Juniors, and the Juniors were never detected, or at least never punished, in their assaults on the Seniors. Possibly the reason for this lay in the fact that the President of the Academy was the father of the President of the Junior Class.

At last came the Waterloo of the Juniors. One of the members of the Senior class who had been threatened with expulsion, formed a plot that was worthy of a Guy Fawkes. It was to be executed on Memorial Day. For a week before this date, the neighborhood was scoured for snakes, toads and other reptiles. On the day before Memorial Day, after the janitor had left, some of the Senior boys entered the school through a window. They made their way to the Junior room which was unlocked as usual. They then deposited four or five reptiles in each desk. They next firmly fastened two large staples one on the outside of the door and another on the frame work opposite. The guilty ones then departed.

Assembly was held the first thing in the morning. The boys planned to padlock the door of the Junior room about a quarter of an hour before marching into the assembly room. During this period the pupils were compelled to open their desks for inspection. The live stock would do the rest. Next morning after the last pupil had entered the Junior room and the door had been shut, a Senior came in late and softly going up to the Junior door slipped two padlocks through the staples and locked them; then he threw the keys out of the hall window and entered his own room. Soon a gradually increasing commotion was heard in the direction of the Junior room which spelled vengeance to the Seniors. Several minutes later all the classes except the Juniors were in the assembly room. The janitor was left vainly trying to open the door of the Junior room. By this time the noise coming from within sounded like the termination of a Zulu funeral. For a full half-hour the Juniors were left alone in their glory. Release came when the Janitor broke open the door.

Of course investigation showed that the bad boy was at the bottom of the whole affair, and he was forced to leave school shortly before commencement to the envy of his comrades and the glory of the Senior class.

RALPH JOECKEL.

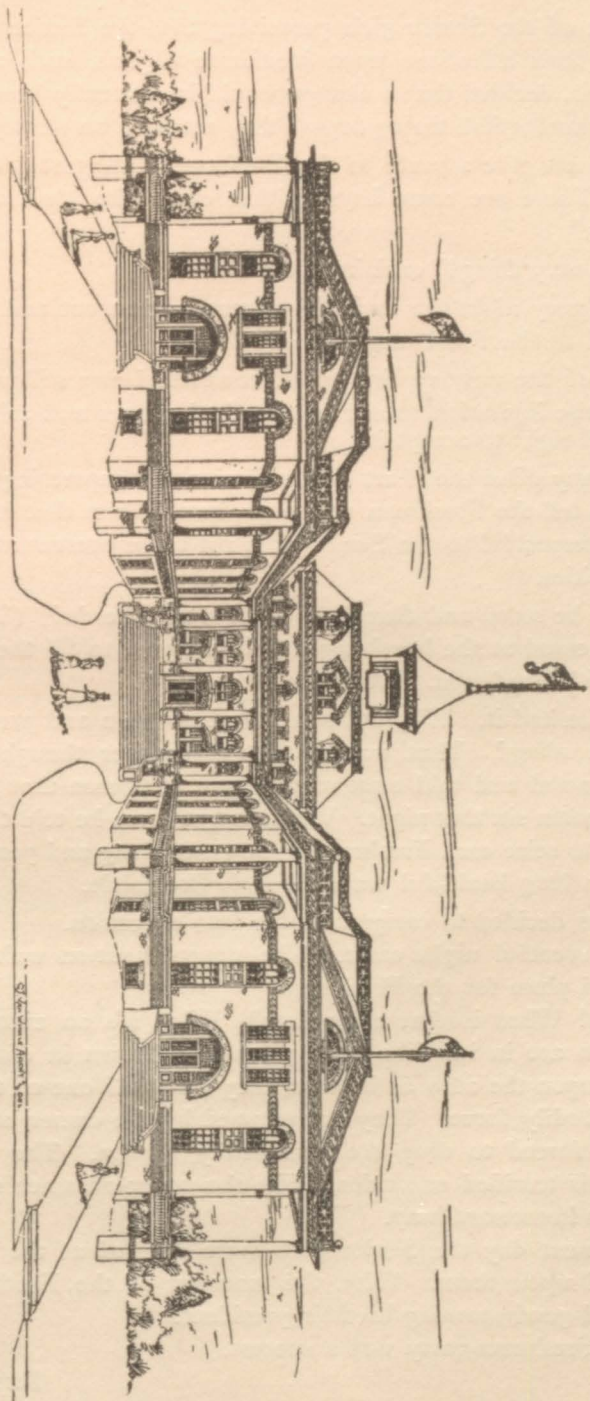
HINTS AND HELPS FOR TEACHERS.

(Based on observations of the Class of '09.)

"Keep your eyes open, and dont see more than haf you notis."

JOSH BILLINGS.

1. Don't risk losing property overnight, or getting your things in disorder;—pasting all articles to your desk will obviate this risk.
2. Don't smile; Stern things can't be said with a smile without rousing angry feelings in pupils.
3. Do create a love for beautiful things by your example. Do not be discouraged in this attempt if pupils are skeptical as to the genuineness of your marcel.
4. Don't complain of your hard work:—Pupils work you much harder than you do them.
5. Don't keep pupils after school. It tires you and does them no good.
6. If you must make a joke at a pupil's expense, be sure to select a pupil who is not dangerous.
7. Never call upon a pupil who does not know his lesson, to recite.
8. If you find upon your desk a nice candy box beautifully wrapped, and discover upon the instant a knot of boys whispering in the rear of the room,—don't hesitate to open the box for fear it contains a live mouse. It may be doughnuts.
9. Don't give sarcastic advice to a pupil. He may follow it.
10. If in the course of an experiment it becomes advisable to pass a quarter around the class for observation, marking the quarter previous to starting it on its round will assure your getting back the one you had experimented upon—(or at least knowing it if you didn't.)
11. When allowing the pupils to choose a song, before acquiescing in their choice it is well to be sure that the selection is not intended as a hit at some unlucky student. If an instant's observation of the faces before you discovers dismay on one countenance and proportionate delight on half the rest, some other selection is preferable.
12. Never allow more than two pupils at a table in study period. A third interrupts conversation.
13. Don't speak to each pupil in the morning as if you were glad to see him. They dislike deception.
14. Never criticise a pupil, no matter what he does. He probably means well;—if he doesn't, he will instantly be certain that he does.



OUR NEW HIGH SCHOOL

Perkins

THE FRESHMAN PARTY.

Some of the Senior girls perceiving that the Senior boys were wasting their affections upon inanimate objects, such as football and tennis, decided that a change would be mutually beneficial. In order to accomplish their purpose they resolved on strategy.

"Why not give a party to the Freshmen?" suggested one of the girls. "There are some boys in that class who are too cute for anything."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the others.

That very night the invitations were written out and they were delivered to the Freshmen the next day.

One of the unwary Freshmen, however, being still very green, showed the invitation to one of the Senior boys and asked him if it was all right to accept it.

Jealousy filled the heart of the Senior, but repressing the temptation to tell the Freshman not to go, he told him that it would be very disrespectful to the Senior girls not to be present at the scene of festivities.

Then he stood and thought. What should he do? (The Senior girls, incensed at the boys' neglect, were trying to fill their rightful places with Freshmen. What could he do?)

Ah! he had it. Why not seize the Freshmen and prevent them from attending? That was it. He no sooner thought about it than he acted and told most of the upper-classmen that he saw to meet in room six that night. When he got there he told them about his plan to seize each Freshman as he came along and persuade him to take a long healthful walk through Brookdale.

It was decided to carry this plan into execution.

The eventful night came. The upper-classmen waited at the appointed place for the Freshmen.

Hark! What is that chug-chug? Why, it's an auto, and the Freshmen are in it. The boys' plans are thrown in disarray, but rushing upon the auto as it stops, they carry off one of the Freshmen by bodily force. They are pursued by the owner of the auto and are forced to drop their unwieldy burden. The Freshman rejoins his terrified comrades, while the upper-classmen sadly pursue their homeward way.

The next day the Senior girls were amazed at the attentions showered upon them. Why, the manager of the Football Team even said good morning to their president.

The Freshman party was a success.

PHYLLIS.

CLASS SONG OF 1909.

I.

School days are flying,
Spite of our sighing;
Soon comes the time we must leave old B. H. S.
As we join this chorus,
Mem'ries flooding o'er us,
Bring solemn thoughts to the last "naughty" class.

II.

Till B. H. S moulder,
Shoulder to shoulder,
We'll stand together, comrades forever;
Each other urging
Forward encouraging,
As in High School years now nearing their close.
Now relentless fate says,
"Here the parting of ways;
You must say farewell
To Bloomfield High School Days."

III.

Lights now are shining,
Clouds show silver lining,
For youth and hope now
Speed us on our way.
Yet, when we're older,
Though heart and brain are colder,
Still we'll rejoice
To join in "Bloomfield's Day."

PAULA L. CADY.

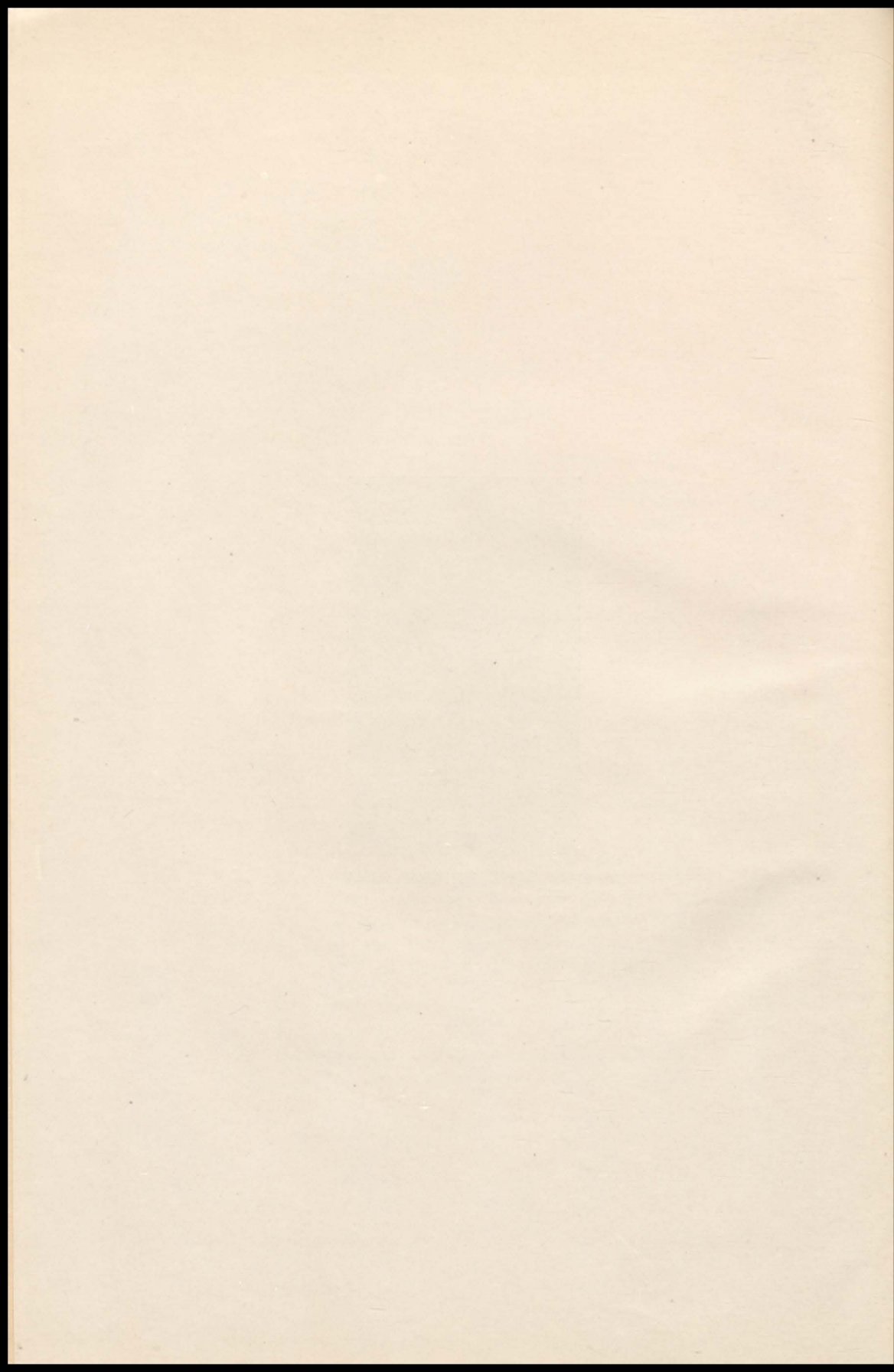
SCHOOL YELL.

Rip! Zip! Wah! Hoo!
We're the people!
Who are you?
Fee, fo, fi, fo, fee fo fum!
Boom! get a rat trap!
Boom! get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat-trap!
Bigger than a cat-trap!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Sis! Boom! Ah!
Bloomfield High School;
Rah! Rah! Rah!

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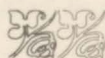
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